

# The Sign



A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

## *In This Issue:*

Catholic Youth and Secular Bible Teaching

By B. S. Bosman

The Glory of Don Ramiro

By Enrique Larreta

Our Shakespeare

By Stanley B. James

The Finger of God

By Herbert Greenan, C. P.

With the Passionists in China

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JULY, 1926

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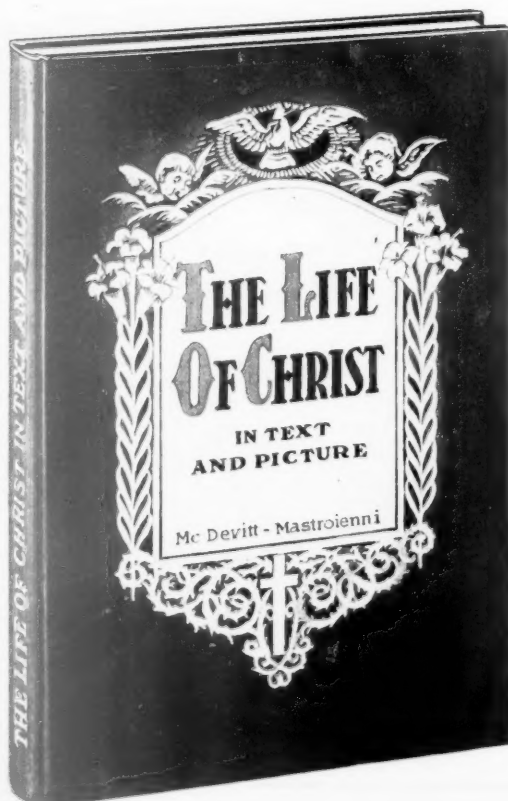
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# An Apology This Time

*Still the Missionaries' Requests are Many and Pressing*

To the READERS of THE SIGN.  
My Dear Friends:

I am almost ashamed to trespass again on your generosity—you have been so mighty good in responding to the different appeals I have sent you. Besides, I know that you are answering other appeals and at the same time doing your duty by your parish obligations. But when such a letter as Father Raphael's comes in, what can I do but bring it to your notice. He writes:

On the morning of May 10, I was called out of bed at three o'clock to the cry of fire. I found my Mission enveloped in flames. After carrying out one little orphan and assuring myself that there were no others in the burning building, it was too late to save any of the chapel and school equipment, not to mention my personal belongings and those of Father Anthony Maloney and Father Theophane Maguire.

It was a terrible experience. Three years' hard work gone up in smoke in three hours. Father Anthony's loss will run close to \$1000.00; Father Theophane's will be practically \$1500.00; as I am entrusted with the furniture etc. of the Mission my own loss will total \$3900.00. The building destroyed was worth over \$4500.00. We now face a loss of almost \$10,000.00.

It is heartrending to see one's long years of effort undone in a few hours. My only comfort is in the Will of God. I am not going to get discouraged. With God's help I'll begin all over again....

(Signed) Father Raphael Vance, C. P.

Surely his last sentence not only portrays his resolute courage but will inspire some, at least, to help him. I shall be glad to send at once any contributions that you may give me for Father Raphael.

On the fourth cover page of this issue you will find two letters, one written by Father Anthony Maloney and the other by Father Cuthbert O'Gara. These letters speak for themselves. What impresses me most in them is the utter reticence of the Missionaries in regard to their own difficulties and hardships and their strong insistence on the clamoring needs of the poor famine-stricken. May I ask that you will read this page to those who are not regular readers of THE SIGN?

Father Cuthbert writes:

Famine conditions in many places are terribly severe. We are literally besieged from morning till night by the stricken who are either begging for themselves or beseeching us to take in their children. Up to date we have given \$9000.00 in gold to the Missionaries for famine relief. I have read many times the appeals in THE SIGN and when I gave of our depleted funds I felt that you would come to our rescue. Even though I had the ability to do so I would refrain from relating the incidents of two evenings ago when I visited the Temple of Hell but a stone's throw from my window. The thought of the huddled beggars, the starved children, the famished mothers, cuts the heart; if pictured in detail it would not be believed.

Father Anthony writes:

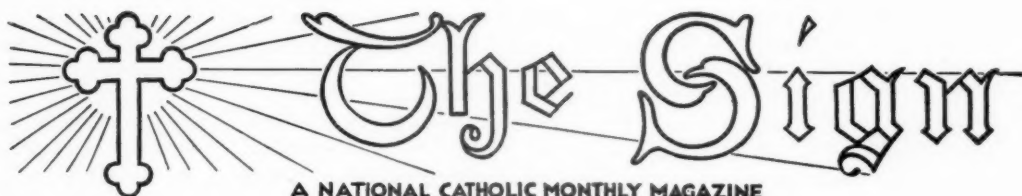
The sights here in Yungsui (Father Theophane's mission) are heart-rending. On every side are misery and starvation. All day long famine victims have been asking for aid, but nearly all had to be turned away as Father Theophane had no money. Mothers and their babes showing unmistakable signs of starvation; little children, mere bags of bones, pleading for something to eat. The sight is enough to melt a heart of stone. How Father Theophane is able to witness such misery for such a long time strikes me as marvellous. His charity is wonderful. I can easily imagine his feelings when he has to turn so many away empty.

In view of the urgency of the appeals of these three Missionaries, I hope that those who wish to help them will send their offerings as soon as possible. You may rest assured that your offerings will be forwarded to China at once and that you shall have the blessing of our Blessed Lord, Who regards as done for Himself whatever is done for the very least of His brethren.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

*Father Harold Purcell, C.P.*





A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Vol. V

JULY, 1926

No. 12

## Current Fact and Comment

### At the Eucharistic Congress

A REMARKABLE figure at the Eucharistic Congress was the personal representative of the Holy Father. To those capable of serious impressions he was more than the most distinguished worshipper in that mighty throng before the Real Presence. A passage in M. Carrère's famous work on the Papacy is apropos:

An astute Jewish financier with no axe to grind watched the recent Eucharistic Congress held in Rome, a few months after the coronation of the present Peter, Pius XI. He pondered at it all. And then he said: "There is no doubt about it. This is the greatest event since the war, and marks the beginning of a new era. Good or bad? Auspicious or dangerous? The future will tell. What we have just seen in Rome surpasses in importance anything we have seen elsewhere, in Paris or Washington, San Remo or Cannes, Spa or Genoa. For in the case of these various enigmas of contradictory ideas one felt one was living in the ephemeral, the contingent; they were building on sand, or at the most on piles. Here we have the clear vision of a work of wide reach which has long been preparing, whose foundations go down deep into the centuries of the past and whose cupola will be completed in the future. Catholicism has regained all its influence. To-day it is the only true power in the universe. And amid the confusion of other efforts, the manifest failure of Bolshevism, it alone brings something organic and concrete into the disordered and uneasy desires of humanity, unsettled by the war. The Church at this moment is stronger than she has ever been. In this Europe of ours, with its quarrels between transitory rulers, whose mastery lasts a few months or even a few days, the Holy See, should it so desire, will be the true moral master of the future."

Here there is mention of power, influence, mastery, and the triumph of the Church. But solely in the moral order. Christ's Church frankly aims at such a triumph. She bids the world to entrust such power to her, or, rather, to wish her well in the exercise of it, to coöperate with her. But this only after examining her record and prerogatives, her disinterestedness and competency in uplifting society and in bringing peace and security to all the nations of the earth.

### The Barnum Way

SINCLAIR LEWIS suddenly emerged as a man of inordinate ambition. If he were a normal genius he might have been contented with the fame and reputation achieved through his "Babbitt" and "Main Street." We have reason to suspect that his rejection of the Pulitzer prize, a paltry sacrifice to an author of best-sellers, was but a mercenary gesture. There was a brief interval during which the public was more interested in other men and other affairs. But the extensive service of the American Press Association is always an economical medium of notoriety for those who say or do things sufficiently shocking. You who have read of his defying the Almighty and his bawling out the ministers can synchronize these performances with the announcement that "Mr. Sinclair is now in the Western States collecting material for a new novel which is said to deal with religious movements in the country"—and draw your own conclusions.

### Outdoor Stations

THE distinctively attractive feature of the devotion of the Way of the Cross is that the moving about, the passing from station to station, is a natural help to maintain attention and to stimulate interest. This is true of the Stations as ordinarily set up in our churches, but more so when they are set up out of doors. Thus arranged they have a more natural appeal as representing the dolorous journey of our Lord from Pilate's tribunal to the hill of Calvary.

Accordingly outdoor Stations have become very popular. They are frequently provided for as an appropriate and practical feature in the landscaping of ecclesiastical grounds.

In English cities the sight of Catholics in large numbers performing the Way of the Cross publicly no longer causes astonishment. It is true that their

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Christian neighbors had to be shocked into a realization of the propriety of the devotion. The London *Universe* describes the service on Good Friday at Hyde Park in the heart of London:

No sooner had the preacher—Fr. Vincent McNabb—mounted the platform than people appeared as if magic had raised them from the ground. Some were Catholics with bared heads, prepared to join in making the responses. Others were obviously non-Catholics drawn by curiosity, perhaps by prejudice. One or two seemed to be in a fighting mood, waiting only for a chance for interruption.

But there was no heckling. As the service proceeded hats began to disappear and cigarettes were dropped. An anti-Catholic lecturer pushed his way out of the crowd and returned to his own platform. A would-be interrupter raised his hand, paused a moment, thought better of it, and took his hat off. And the singing of the crowd increased in volume if not in quality.

### In Darkest Ulster

THE Government in Northern Ireland still has little regard for equity toward its Catholic subjects. Although these constitute 35 per cent of the population of Belfast, obeying the laws and meeting the taxes, there is not a single Senator representing them. There is no Catholic member of the Privy Council, no High Court judge in all Ulster is a Catholic.

Senate vacancies between elections are filled by vote of Parliament. The Judge-ships and Privy Council posts are subject to appointment by the Cabinet. Thus those in power are unwilling to disregard the clamors of the fanatical populace. They decline to emulate the broad policy of Southern Ireland where, with a great Catholic majority in the population, an Irish Catholic Government appoints Protestants to approximately half of the seats in its Senate.

Sir James Craig's reply that it is the fault of the Catholics themselves that they had not elected members to the Senate only reveals an intolerable situation. For, by a new drawing of lines through the voting districts, care was taken that the Catholics should be everywhere a helpless minority.

### Unqualified Missionaries

THE habit of criticizing Protestant missionaries and their work is not characteristic of Catholic missionaries in their reports from the field. This is in happy contrast with the tendency of Evangelical missionaries, who in their reports and addresses seem to consider the proselytizing of Catholics of greater importance than the conversion of the heathen. These reports and addresses continue invariably to disparage the work of the

Church in regions where whatever there is of culture, civilization and the knowledge of Christianity is altogether due to the unselfish labors of Catholic missionaries.

The tendency referred to may be attributable to the quality of men and women the Evangelical bodies generally equip for missionary work. It is possible that they are not of the cultured class—little souls incapable of grasping and acting upon the higher motives of Christian charity. In its startling charge against American Puritanism, the *Church Times*, organ of the Church of England, quoted an American writer, Mr. Nickerson, as saying of the two most numerous of these denominations that they consist of unlearned people—"even their ministers are usually uneducated."

The Catholic missionary, assigned to labor among the simplest savages, must pass through the same protracted course of classical, philosophical, scriptural, and theological training as his confrère destined for the ministry among civilized folk. He could not be the object of Baron Aisuke Kaba-yama's criticism, quoted in the *Japan Advertiser*, which incidentally proves how detrimental it is to the heathens themselves when the Gospel message is entrusted to those who are not duly qualified:

I believe your missionaries who come to teach us are of that type of people generally who could earn a living in no other way. The average missionary could not earn the same sort of living at home, so he goes into foreign mission work. That sort of man is not fit to teach us about Christianity. There are some who are great men. Bishop Welsh did a great work in Korea, and I admire him thoroughly. There are others who are doing good work. It is the average of which I am speaking. The missionaries on the whole are mediocre in mental calibre, and are not intellectually equipped to carry on their great work.

### Bigotry on the Air

THE non-Catholic editor of the *Beaverton Express* (Canada) writes:

"Liberalism," an address by a New York priest of the Society of Jesus, given in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, Sunday night, was being listened to by the writer of this column over the Radio, but was suddenly cut off. On investigation it appears some fanatical non-Catholic was responsible for the cutting off of about one-half of a well reasoned and eloquently delivered exegesis of the position of the Roman Catholic Church in the world of religion... It's a poor cause that must employ such intolerant methods to meet the arguments of an opponent.

Almost at the same time we had painful evidence that at least one metropolitan station was not in alignment with the policy that broadcasting facilities should be barred to religious controversy and invective. This station was at the uninter-

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rupted service of a speaker whose series of discourses culminated in an abusive tirade against the Church.

It is quite conceivable that the confirmed bigot suffers a perverse reaction as he listens to the plain, courteous and impartial presentation of Catholic belief and practice as it is radioed, for example, from the Paulist Fathers' station. What is thus broadcasted is not addressed to "opponents" nor are the "arguments" designed to inspire controversy.

We trust that the incident referred to was exceptional and that managers of radio stations and all ecclesiastical authorities will continue to curb partisan speakers on religious topics. It would be regrettable if this wonderful medium were freely employed by fanatics and subjected to the same deplorable abuse as is the freedom of the press.

### Depending Upon Intuition

"THE intuition of the people—their balance of mind, their horse-sense—" says a modern optimist, "will save the country." We are asked to believe that human nature always shrinks in the end from any act that is dangerously speculative, unfair or morbidly class-conscious.

If such a saving intuition normally exists we rather believe that the present tendency of art, literature and the stage in giving the public what it wants conspires to its utter extinction. And with modern education completely adjusted along the same lines we have reason to fear that the next generation will utterly lack that intuition and be devoid of all ethical sense. The many parents who are no longer susceptible to spiritual arguments would do well to assume that their children are born with such an intuition subject either to progressive development or to extinction.

Without waiting for preventive or punitive remedies by law enacted, it is urgent that the good people in the aforementioned professions should resolve to give the public, not what they want, but what they should want.

### The Mediaeval Academy of America

THE newly founded Mediaeval Academy of America was long overdue. There has been a protracted era of disregard for tradition and of searching for truth on experimental lines. As a result modern life is permeated with doubt, diffidence and pessimism. Those who could confidently point to the cause and the remedy were at a disadvantage owing generally to their affiliation with institutions rooted in the past.

The Mediaeval Academy signifies the closing of the ranks into a mighty force of students and scholars, priests and philosophers, men of letters, members of religious orders, followers of the arts, masters of science, men of affairs, among them the most distinguished savants of two continents.

Thus does Ralph Adams Cram classify them, and he adds, "Here also are the representatives of society at large, already five hundred in number, who have seen below the tarnished surface of evanescent glory and ask for something better than what they have there discovered. . . This recovery of what I call the mediaeval sense, this entering once more into our mediaeval heritage is also a stage in the restoration of our intellectual and spiritual balance. . . The architecture and the sculpture, the painting and the music of the middle-ages are no longer material solely for use as archaeological data and as the excuse for verbose and erudite monographs—they are living forms dispelling the lassitude of a later day, bringing new energy into what had become moribund. The philosophy of Duns Scotus, Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, and Hugh St. Victor reveals itself not only as the luminous predecessor of William James and Bergson and Einstein, but to supplement, to coördinate and to correct."

### "Where Fools Rush In"

"WHAT makes me a great flyer?" repeated the Well Known Aviator in a *Dearborn Independent* interview. "Well, for one thing, I am a great coward. You simply can't get me into the air until I know that my plane is all right in every humanly controllable particular. I am scared stiff about going up in a plane that is not O. K. in every bolt. . . Lots of small-time flyers have me beaten a thousand ways in taking chances. I wouldn't—I'm too scared."

Which is reminiscent of the divine warning, "Pride goeth before a fall." How well it illustrates and confirms our own moral experiences. Too many people classify pride and humility as impractical virtues. They cannot be aroused to interest in sermons or treatises upon these subjects. To them, at best, humility lends a certain charm to the character and a vague blessedness rests upon the "meek and humble of heart." And why should not a man feel elation in the capacity to surpass others or in the attainment of a personal distinction?

That is not the sort of pride we are particularly warned against. Reprehensible pride is that which lures us to take chances in the subtle conflict with

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temptation, presuming upon our own strength and perspicacity and disregarding the experience of others. Proud in this sense is he who assures himself that he will not meet with disaster where others have succumbed who were even more splendidly equipped than he. Humility is truth—an awareness of our helplessness if God does not sustain us. The impetuous St. Peter acquired it as he found himself sinking amid the engulfing waves. He who declines to grapple with temptation is no more a coward than the Well Known Aviator. In that conflict give us the man who is scared.

### The Soviet in China

IT is gratifying to learn that Soviet intrigue in China is failing. There are sane forces in China aiming to win national greatness for the country and racial equality for the people. And their influence is prevailing with that multitude whom the Communists coveted as such mighty allies. A despatch from Canton to the *North-China Herald* says,

The power of the Communist Party is on the wane. Not more than 20 per cent of the original Hongkong strikers remain in Canton... The constant repetition of stock phrases has lost for them the force of their meaning. They have become nothing but phrases. The departure of most of the Russians, the opposition of the military to the preaching of sedition among the soldiers and the insistence upon constructive efforts by the men of ability in the government is having the effect of turning popular antagonism upon the Communists. They cannot last much longer.

And we find this editorial comment:

North, centre and south the strong common sense of the Chinese people is asserting itself against extremism of all kinds, and there are influences at work which, we believe without undue optimism, go farther to justify hopes for the future than anything yet seen since the Empire fell.

### Carstairs Restituta

IN taking over Carstairs House with its adjoining 700 acres for the harboring of afflicted children the Catholic Church in Scotland, as in many similar instances, again came into possession of its own. We are interested in the London *Universe's* reminiscences regarding this estate because of their historical data, and in particular because of an allusion to a distinguished convert and Passionist:

The land of Carstairs was church land for four centuries and a half, having been gifted to the Bishop of Glasgow by David, later King of Scots, in 1115. The Bishop of Glasgow, including the famous warrior-bishops, Robert Wishart, 11th of the See, a Regent of Scotland, and inveterate opponent of the claims of Edward I. of England, had a palace on the site, known as the Castle of Carstairs, though nothing now remains of the ancient building.

At the entrance of Carstairs House, however, are

still some finely carved stones belonging, it is supposed, to the Bishop's Church of St. Mary, and suggesting a building of considerable size. In the grounds is a granite cross to commemorate the Hon. and Rev. George Spencer (in religion, Father Ignatius of St. Paul, C. P.), who "on this spot, while in the midst of his labours for the salvation of souls and the restoration of his countrymen to the unity of the Faith, was suddenly called by his Heavenly Master to his eternal home. Oct. 1, 1864."

### The Passionist Novitiate

IN April of this year the novitiate of the Eastern Province of the Passionists was transferred from Pittsburgh to West Springfield, Mass. It was a memorable event, especially to the generation of Passionists now laboring in the mission fields at home and in foreign lands and who were trained in the venerable cloisters of old St. Paul's.

The event draws attention to the rank of the novitiate monastery as the most important in the province. There the subject's vocation is thoroughly tested and such training imparted as will preëminently distinguish him as a religious and a Passionist. Year after year the intensive work goes on to the end that the novice may become, in the words of St. Paul of the Cross, "dead to himself and to the world, in order to live only to God, in God, and through God, willingly hiding his life in Jesus Christ, Who for our sakes chose to become the reproach of men and the outcast of the people."

### "Friend, Go Up Higher"

THERE is a point of practical interest for the laity in the present agitation about architecture in our churches. Taking advantage of modern steel trussing, architects now show a tendency to width rather than length. Such a plan, bringing the sanctuary closer to the whole congregation, lessens the crowding in approaching for Communion, renders the liturgy and preaching more audible and, perhaps most congruous of all, enables the congregation more devoutly to gather round the altar with its great central Sacrifice.

Moreover, this plan perforce brings to a more familiar participation in the services those who ordinarily persist in occupying the rear pews and in needlessly standing in rear spaces, thereby giving the impression that they are present through mere sufferance and eager to get away in the lead.

While aloofness may imply reverence and while the Church herself assumes this in her ritual and liturgy, the plan referred to surely has its advantages in eliminating distraction, in facilitating instruction and in more directly impressing the faculties with the purpose of the holy mysteries.



# Father Marquette, Missionary and Explorer

*Who Blazed the Trail for the Eucharistic Congress*

By ELEANOR ROGERS COX



WHILE the human race persists, valor will continue to hold for it an irresistible charm. Despite the multiplication of gallant deeds, the world continues to offer its homage to the courageous man. It may be truly said that no soldier or civilian who ever trod this continent presented a fuller realization of the valiant ideal than Father Jacques Marquette, Son of France, Herald of God, Soldier of Jesus Christ. It is, perhaps, mostly because of this that today his name is one of reverence to unnumbered thousands removed from sympathy with his aims by differences in religion or the absence of all religion.

Naturally the Catholic's appreciation of Marquette rests on infinitely higher ground: his realization that physical courage was but the 'outward and visible sign' of the soul knowing not fear, seeking the suffering that would make him more surely one with his Master. There is in his career a lesson, especially valuable in these days of confused ideals and surface living, that makes the narration of its chief incidents equally a duty and a pleasure.

Laon, the gray-walled old city where Jacques Marquette, the youngest of six children, was born on June 1, 1637, lies northwest of Paris nearly ninety miles by rail. Embodied in a martial tradition established in the time of the Caesars, the frontier town played a distinctive part throughout the centuries, contributing alike to the annals of arms and righteousness. Four of its eighty-seven bishops had been canonized, while three Popes—among them the illustrious Urban VI, once a chorister in its cathedrals—had there been born. There, too, the family of Marquette had borne a prominent part in the affairs of their city and country. To it was added a still fragrantly fresh tradition of saintliness, when Nicholas Marquette, champion and supporter of King Henry IV, wed Rose de la Salle of Rheims, by birth a member of that family that has given to Christian education the great figure of St. Jean Baptiste de la Salle. Thus did the children of that union come rightly by the heritage of piety and courage that flowered to such bright quintessence in the person of its youngest son.

TO young Marquette no human story of all that life had to offer appealed so strongly as that of St. Francis Xavier; and with the growth of his admiration for the Apostle of the Indies, the idea of suffering as the true ideal of the follower of Jesus Christ gained ever-increasing strength in his soul.

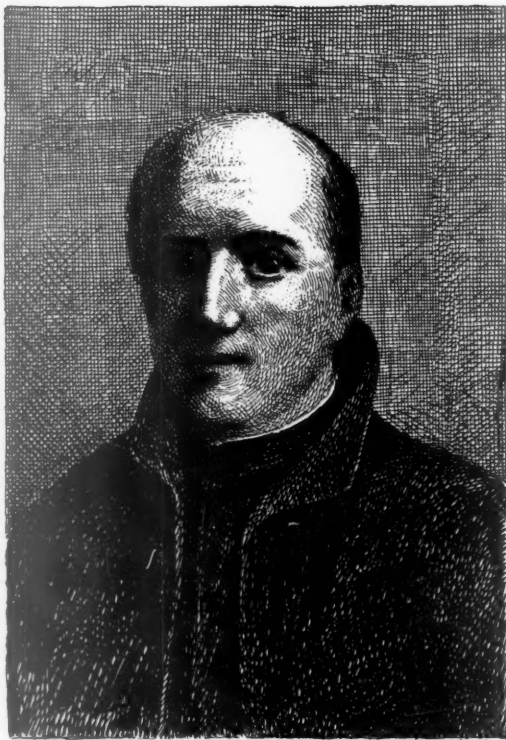
A logical choice, therefore, was his when, at seventeen, he entered the Jesuit Society at Nancy, October, 1654. His impelling idea was that of embracing missionary work among the Indians in the wildernesses of New France, whither Jesuit missionaries had penetrated almost a decade before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England. It has been well said that "never in any field of action has there been witnessed greater heroism than that of these devoted missionaries."

From the most advanced civilization in the world they went deliberately to the very antipodes of all that civilization represented. Modest as they were in the narration of their own trials and achievements, the world will never even relatively know the hardships they endured in their soul-quests among the American aborigines. Such knowledge as the Europe of their day had of them came to it through the *Relations*, a small volume published annually at Paris from 1632 to 1673, and which was mainly made up of reports forwarded by the missionaries to their superiors at Quebec. That the reading of these reports helped to inspire young Marquette to his chosen career there can be little doubt. However, he had to wait twelve years before his dearest ambition, to serve Christ in the fate-fraught forests of North America, could be realized. During that period he had developed from student into teacher, his success in the latter capacity being enhanced by his unique mastery of languages.

IN 1666, being then in his twenty-ninth year, Father Marquette set sail for Quebec, capital of New France. Almost incalculable were the hardships of such a journey in the days of the Sun King. During a voyage, which under the most favoring conditions covered from three to four months, the passenger in these wave-tossed argosies was exposed to a gamut of ills and privations running from broken bones to ship-fever, added to which there was the ever-present peril of capture



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FATHER JACQUES MARQUETTE, S. J. (1637-1675)

by pirate or enemy-nation craft. Marquette sailed on the seventh ship of a fleet of eight which had made the voyage from old France to New, and he arrived at Quebec in September. The remark made concerning these eight ships, in a letter written by Father Thierry Beschefer to a friend in France, throws a vivid light on shipping conditions of the time. "Not a single one of these," he writes, evidently with wonder and thankfulness, "fell into the hands of the English or of the Turks, although several were pursued." In that letter also was brief record of the safe arrival of Marquette.

Quebec was then a small settlement, made up of French officials, priests, soldiers, and a community of Ursuline Nuns who had there established a modest hospital. This population, numbering altogether some three hundred souls, lived in stone buildings perched on the lofty summit of the cliffs overlooking the St. Lawrence.

Some seventy-seven miles above Quebec lay the small village of Three Rivers, then a center of Jesuit missionary work for the Indians, and thither it was that, twenty days after his arrival in Quebec, Father Marquette came to take up the study of Indian languages under the tutorship of

Father Drüillettes, himself but lately returned from the Maine missions. The difficulty of mastering the tribal dialects, which had proved an insuperable stumbling-block to many other scholars, presented no barrier to the son of Laon. Before the two years of his devoted apprenticeship had expired, he had mastered six Indian dialects, thus again paralleling a noted trait of his model, St. Francis Xavier. That his tutorship also included a practical experience in his Society's methods of winning the red men, there is no doubt. At the end of his stay in Three Rivers, he was ordered to the country of the Ottawas, lying on the utmost borders of New France.

**R**EACHING Sault Ste. Marie, the center of the Ottawa mission, after a tiresome journey by river, lake and wilderness, he entered upon his labor. What that labor meant has been described so accurately in an account of the Ottawa missions penned by Father Le Mercier for the *Relations* of 1666-67, that a quotation is illuminating:

"Toil, famine, scarcity of all things, ill treatment from the barbarians, and mockery from the idolaters, form the most precious portion of these Missions. . . We have to do with twenty or thirty nations, all different in language, customs, and policy. We have to bear everything from their bad humor and their brutality, in order to win them by gentleness and affection. One must make himself, in some sort, a savage with these savages. . . and live sometimes on a moss that grows on the rocks, sometimes on pounded fishbones—a substitute three or four days without eating, as they do, whose stomachs are inured to these hardships. . . Fathers Claude Allouez and Louys Nicholas have passed through these trials; and if penances and mortifications contribute greatly to the conversion of souls, it can be said they lead a life more austere than that of the greatest penitents of the Thebaid, and yet do not cease to occupy themselves indefatigably in their Apostolic functions. . . Father Jacques Marquette went to their aid, with our Brother Louys le Boëme; and we hope the sweat of these brave Missionaries which is watering those lands, will render them fertile for Heaven. Within a year they have baptized eighty children, of whom several are in Paradise. That mitigates all their hardships, and fortifies them to undergo all the labors of that Mission."

Father Marquette's next assignment was to the shores of Lake Superior, whither he fared to take charge of the Mission, "La Pointe du Saint Esprit," so named by its founder, Father Allouez. This was a fishing center for the Kickapoos, Ojibwas and other Wisconsin aborigines, with whom there

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also foregathered Ottawas and Hurons who had fled before the advance of the dreaded Iroquis. To the Pointe also came Miamis and Illinois on trading expeditions.

AT the end of four years of that solitary and discouraging warfare for souls, Father Allouez was appointed to a less trying mission, on the Fox River, while his place was taken by Father Jacques Marquette.

In that outpost of aboriginal man, the prize for which he had yearned and prayed was given ever more sensibly to his hand. He found to his consolation, that the Hurons, nearly all originally baptized, "still preserve a little Christianity;" a blessing, however, not shared by several of the other tribes, whom he describes as "far from the Kingdom of God." One branch of the Ottawas, in council assembled, had promised Father Allouez to accept the Gospel; and it was one of his successor's first cares to see that they did not forget this promise. Of them he gives an amiable picture: "All the Christians were in their fields harvesting the Indian corn. . . They heard me with pleasure. I had the consolation of seeing their fondness for prayer and the great account they made of being Christians."

But dissolution coming to the farming and fishing villages concentrated about the Pointe. The Hurons, always with the menace of Sioux and Iroquis hovering on their horizon, resolved temporarily, at least, to evade both by retiring to the island of Michillimackinac, where, fertile in opportunities for fishing and husbandry, it lay, washed by the outflowing waters of Lake Michigan. There they went, and with them went their shepherd in God, Marquette.

HAVING rested awhile at Saulte Ste. Marie where Father Drüilette, Marquette's former instructor at Three Rivers, was now in charge of the mission, the party proceeded to their island destination, since known by the shorter designation, Mackinac. There the St. Ignace Mission had been already established, but that it was removed to the mainland shortly after Father Marquette's arrival at the island seems most probable. At any rate, the St. Ignace monument, latter-day goal of tour and pilgrimage, undoubtedly stands where the transplanted St. Ignace once lifted its modest walls.

As revealed in his correspondence, ideas relating to the Mississippi had been engaging his mind for some years previous. "When the Illinois come to La Pointe, they cross a great river which is nearly a league in width, flows from North to South, and to such a distance that the Illinois, who do not

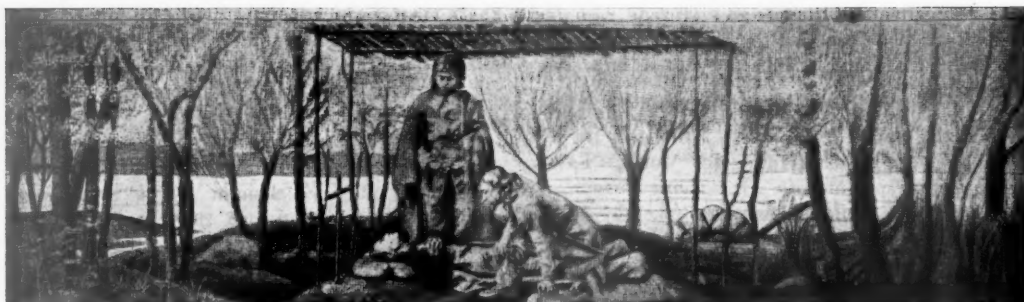
know what a canoe is, have not heard any mention of its mouth. They simply know that there are some very large nations lower down than themselves. . . If the savages who promise to make me a canoe do not break their word to me, we shall explore this river as far as we can," he wrote while at Chequamegon. Many other minds had been preoccupied with the thought of this mighty and mysterious river; and one of Frontenac's first official acts, after he assumed the governorship of New France in 1672, was to commission the explorer, Louis Joliet, to "discover the south sea by the Maskoutens country and the great river Mississippi, which is believed to empty into the California sea."

TO Father Dablon, Superior-General of the Jesuits, Frontenac intrusted the selection of a missionary to accompany Joliet; and because of Marquette's proficiency in the Indian dialects, and



STATUE OF MARQUETTE. CAPITOL, WASHINGTON

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DEATH OF MARQUETTE, SHORE OF LAKE MICHIGAN, MAY 18, 1675

the value of the observations in his letters, the choice fell on him.

So to Mackinac in early December, after a long and tortuous voyage, came the Sieur Joliet, born at Quebec some eight years after Marquette had drawn first breath in Laon. It was a providentially happy chance which now brought them together for the great enterprise. For they had been friends in the days when Marquette first came from France; young Louis Joliet, at that time inclined towards the priestly life, being a student in the Jesuit college at Quebec. Father Marquette has told in his Journal how he "always invoked the Blessed Virgin to obtain from God the grace of being able to visit the Nations who dwell along the Mississippi River." It was on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception that Louis Joliet arrived at Mackinac with the Governor's orders.

Happier combination of character and disposition for the proposed enterprise might not be found. Joliet, the high-hearted and enthusiastic explorer of twenty-eight, and Marquette, now in his thirty-sixth year, still holding the gentle and joyous attitude towards all God's human family that he had brought with him from France.

While there is a possibility—a likelihood—that other Frenchmen may have chanced on the Mississippi, and without minimizing De Soto's penetration to the lower reaches of the river, over a hundred years before, the authentic laurels of its discovery belong most rightfully to Marquette and Joliet.

It was on May 17, 1673, these bold Argonauts set forth. Two birch-bark canoes manned by five French voyageurs, comprised their equipment. Heavenly joy was their companion, animating, as Marquette afterwards wrote, their courage, and rendering the labor of paddling from morning to night agreeable to them. But to describe their voyage along the waterways, or to recount the story of their halts at Indian settlements is here impossible. Enough to say that journeying in the

high confidence of being guided by the Immaculate Mother of God, they reached their hoped-for goal. On June 17, gliding down the Wisconsin, they were suddenly swept into the current of the mightier river, gazing with, as Marquette wrote, "a joy I can not express" on the grandeur of its waters.

**W**ONDERS a-plenty and dangers too, all noted carefully by Marquette in his Journal, confronted them in their voyage down the "Father of Waters." The Menomonee Indians had warned them of the existence of 'horrible monsters' in the great river; and that these were no figments of their imagination is proven by an entry in the Journal which tells: "From time to time we came upon monstrous fish, one of which struck our canoe with such violence, that I thought it was a great tree, about to break the canoe to pieces." On another occasion they observed a monstrous creature which certainly justified the Indians' description.

Descending the Mississippi with several interesting interludes, and always in their short encampments on shore observing strict precaution against possibly hostile surprise, they reached the mouth of the Arkansas River. There they learned from the local Indians all that seemed necessary concerning the further course of the river towards its junction with the Gulf of Mexico. They then retraced their route to the Jesuit Mission at De Pere, Wisconsin in the early Fall.

There, as the result of the hardships he had endured, Father Marquette was forced to remain over a year; and when in October, 1674, he did return by boat to Illinois, with the object of founding a new mission, ill health again interfered and compelled him to endure the rigors of winter in a miserable cabin near the Chicago River.

Spring brought to him a delusive gleam of returning health. Accompanied by two companions of his first voyage, who had remained with him

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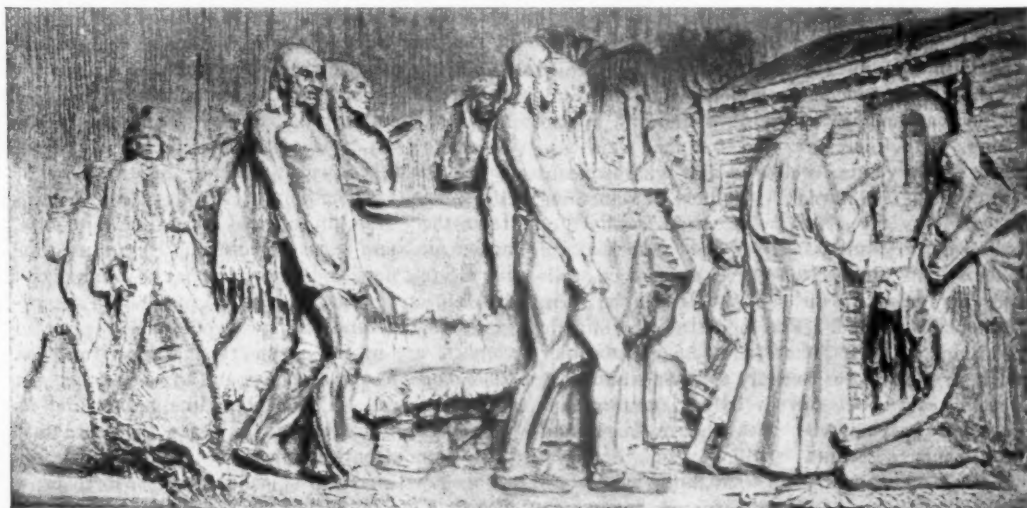
during the wretched winter, he again set out for the Illinois settlements. Struggling against unfavorable weather and the pangs of his still-lingering malady, he reached the chief settlement of the Illinois on April 8, and was received by the delighted Indians as "an angel from Heaven." It hardly seems too much, indeed, to dare believe that Heaven itself sent to him, through the agency of these Indians, its last approving gleam of his heroic self-sacrifice. Not only did the five hundred chiefs and elders of the village listen to his discourses with earnest attention and entreat him that he would again return to them; but, when he left the place, they insisted on escorting him more than thirty leagues of his road, vying with one another to do him kindness.

**R**EALIZING that death was not afar off, he would have returned to St. Ignace in distant Mackinac and set off on that painful journey, accompanied still by his two faithful companions. Ever growing feebler, he recognized, while two hundred and fifty miles from their destination, that his earthly end had come. By his own direction he was conveyed to a little eminence on the shores of Lake Michigan where in the shelter of a poor cabin hastily constructed from bark, he presently yielded up his soul to his Master. Gathering near, in hushed awe, the men heard him giving thanks to God for his having been a missionary of Christ, and especially that he was dying, "as he had always prayed, in a wretched cabin in the midst of the forest and bereft of all human succor." Thus on Saturday, May 18, 1675, near midnight, "with a

countenance beaming and all aglow, he expired without any struggle, and so gently that it might have been regarded as a happy sleep."

There he rested until the following Spring, when a great band of the Indians sought "the grave of their good father whom they tenderly loved," and bought back his bones with them to St. Ignace. Often the poor red men came there to pray at his tomb. But in 1700, the chapel of St. Ignace was wasted by fire, and it was not until 1877,—nearly two centuries from the date of its destruction—that the earthly remains of Marquette were discovered by Father Edward Jucker, the then incumbent of the mission.

As a record of events and description of scenes till then unrecorded, Father Marquette's journal of the Mississippi voyage is invaluable. Dying at thirty-eight, his memory is a trumpet-blast against the selfishness that corrodes, the indulgence that destroys. Giving up everything for Christ, he won a fame that is sweet today on the lips of men and little children. Well could Father Dablon, his superior, write of him: "He was one of the most accomplished missionaries that we had. He possessed all the virtues of one to a sovereign degree: universal zeal, an angelic chastity, an incomparable kindness and sweetness, a childlike candor, a very close union with God. I should never finish this letter were I to attempt to say all the good we know of him. We have every reason to believe that after having lived as a true missionary, and died as an Apostle, God took him away from us so early only to reward him in Heaven for all his labors."



THE BURIAL OF FATHER MARQUETTE BY HIS BELOVED INDIANS



# The Finger of God

## Miracles—What and Whether?

By HERBERT GREENAN, C. P.



O matter how busy life may be with worldly anxieties and ambitions there are moments of silent solitude when the human heart awakens to the spiritual call of the invisible world.

Perhaps that voice sounds in the crash of thunder reverberating through the hills, or it may whisper in the gentle breeze rustling through the trees. "The heavens show forth the glory of God and the firmament declareth the work of His Hands." All nature speaks to us of God—and every letter written on the pages of the book of the universe spells the name of Him Who made the heavens and the earth. Cause and effect, order and harmony, force and rest, life and death are nature's revelation of the Creator.

Unhappily there are today millions of men "who have eyes and do not see," and for them the ever-open book of nature has no message. The bewildering theories, the grotesque fantasies of pantheism, agnosticism, and atheism demand more credulity from their votaries than the mysteries of religion which they deny. The personality and providence of God is denied. Religion and all that pertains to it are looked upon as empty, unmeaning, senseless formulae, and the supernatural and miraculous are regarded as phenomena arising from hidden but natural causes, or else airy nothings conjured up from the dreamland of delusion.

Sometimes people discuss matters about which they have loose, incorrect notions with the result that their arguments are both unsound and unconvincing. It is, therefore, necessary that we should have at the very outset a clear idea of what is meant by a miracle. A miracle is defined as something discernable by the senses, which happens above or outside nature, and is effected by supernatural agency. Thus a miracle, properly understood, falls under the grasp of the senses. It can be seen, examined, and tested. The marvel of the miracle consists in this, that either the cause is altogether hidden, or the effect is contrary to what is naturally expected; and it is said to be an extraordinary occurrence as compared with the ordinary and natural course of events.

We can understand, then, that things which are beyond the power of natural forces, but which happen in the ordinary though supernatural course

of Divine Providence are not miracles. The Real Presence, the justification of the sinner, and other acts of God, the reality of which we are bound to believe by faith, do not come under the observation of the senses. All miracles are not the same as regards their extraordinary nature. Some are said to be *above* nature, as the raising of the dead to life. Others are regarded as *outside* nature. An illustration of this is the immediate change of one substance into another, as for example water into wine. We say *immediate change*, because by natural and artificial means the moisture of the air absorbed by the vine becomes wine; a miracle happens when these means are not used. Finally, miracles are said to be *contrary* to nature, not because they are unnatural, but when in a given circumstance the usual and ordinary effect does not occur, as in the case of fire neither burning nor consuming.

MIRACLES are the work of God either directly, or through instruments chosen by Him, and they are a suspension of or dispensation from the common natural law. There is nothing contrary to reason in holding that God the Creator and Preserver of nature can change its laws, because these laws are not so fixed that they cannot be changed by Him. Both physically and morally miracles are possible. It is quite evident that there is law and order in nature, otherwise there would be no miracle, which is the suspension of the law in certain circumstances. Every day millions of men are counteracting, subduing, and controlling nature by art. Man has raised himself above nature, and accepted the bonds of the laws of society and convention. He has taken animals from their free untrammelled natural state of life, and made them beasts of burden. He has used the electric fluid and made it act as an illuminative and a means for propulsion. Forces, which according to nature and its laws would never come in contact, are by the ingenuity and contrivance of man made to act and to react on each other for human benefit. Yet all the time nature and its laws remain unaffected. To say therefore that God cannot control nature is absurd for He has set its laws, and can suspend them. Moreover, a dispensation from a law means rather its conservation than destruction.



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The old contention that physical effects must have physical causes, or that relation between spiritual and material is impossible, is no less ridiculous. Our souls and bodies act mutually upon each other. God, a purely spiritual Being, has created the material world, and by His providence rules and directs it. Man, guided by right reason, sees in all things the "finger of God." From nature itself is born that religious instinct in man, the bond between the Creator and the creature. The external expression of this instinct is worship, and the essence of worship is prayer. And is not prayer the recognition of God's providence, His power to hear and help us? The whole human race has understood Him to be a free, sovereign, omnipotent, intelligent, loving Being, and daily on bended knees, they ask Him to grant them daily bread, health of body, preservation from evil and pestilence, victory in battle, peace, prosperity and success. Imagine the impossibility of miracle as due to the impotence of God to control and direct nature, to reward good, to punish wickedness, and this instinct of nature itself is stifled. Hence, guided by reason, we are forced to confess the possibility of miracle.

**I**T is a truism to state that possibility is proved by actuality. Reality is fact, and facts are stubborn things. God has revealed Himself to man. This is historic truth. The story of this revelation is interwoven with marvellous incidents, miracles wrought to manifest Divine Providence over the children of men. The names of Moses and Elias and other prophets of the Old Law recall the wonders worked by them through the power of God. But there appears One, the Greatest of all the prophets, the noblest figure in history, God in the form of man.

The story of His life began with a miraculous birth. He claimed to be God, and He substantiated His assertion by working as God, by performing miracles. One day John the Baptist sent his disciples to Jesus Christ, and they asked Him: "Art thou He that should come, or look we for another?" This was the answer: "Go, and tell John what you have heard and seen; the blind see, the lame walk, the deaf hear, the dead rise again." Another day in the winter He walked in Solomon's porch, and the Jews came round about Him, and said to Him: "If thou be the Christ tell us plainly." He answered them wearily. He had told them so often: "I speak to you, and you believe not: the works I do in the name of my Father, they give testimony of me." But carnal-minded as they were, although they saw His works, they could not and would not see the "Finger of God."

Sign after sign was given. Miracle after miracle was wrought. They crucified Him. They mocked Him as He hanged defenceless on the cross of shame. "Vah, thou fool. He saved others, Himself He cannot save. Let Him save Himself, let Him now come down from the cross and we will believe Him." He did not gratify their selfish whim. He died, and then they believed. He set the seal on His Divinity by the miracle of His Resurrection, which fact is the cornerstone of Christianity, so much so that St. Paul boldly declared to the Corinthians: "If Christ be not risen again your faith is vain, for you are yet in your sins."

Here we have actuality and fact. The enemies of Jesus Christ do not, because they cannot, deny that He worked marvellous effects, but they will not admit that these works were miracles. But the historic fact stands that He claimed to work as God, not by natural power, but by the supernatural force of His Divinity. We speak with reverence, if they were not miracles they were semblances, appearances, impostures, illusions, tricks wrought by a man who could not have been God because God is Truth; wrought by a man, who as man, was only a peasant, a workman uneducated and unlearned, unskilled in the ordinary science of his age, and yet producing marvels which two thousand years of scientific research have been unable to reproduce; wrought by a man to win men, not for any personal, worldly, or temporary motive, but to love and adore God.

Deny the possibility and consequently the actuality of the miracles of Jesus Christ, and at the same time men must affirm a miracle which human reason can never accept—that Christianity teaching truth, condemning fraud; making its adherents unselfish, charitable and pious; advocating, nay commanding, the practise of every virtue and the avoidance of every vice, was built on the unstable foundation of deceit and imposture.

**J**ESUS CHRIST declared that in His name His followers would cast out devils, they would speak with new tongues, they would lay their hands upon the sick and these should recover. All of which actions are clearly miraculous. In these are manifested the Finger of God. We know that in nature are hidden, magnetic and hypnotic powers producing marvellous effects which excite the wonder and astonishment of the beholder. We know that in the spirit world there are agencies, with superior knowledge of nature's potentialities, permitted by God in His inscrutable designs to aid wicked men, who in their evil way invoke and procure this assistance. It would be idle and

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arbitrary to deny the existence of magic and spiritism, but it can easily be demonstrated that such marvels are not miracles. The trace, if not the application, of the natural is evident. History again proves that in every age since Jesus gave His promise, His words have rung true. God is wonderful in His saints. Even in these days of scepticism and doubt we have St. Gerard, St. Gabriel, and the "Little Flower"—all proving that the age of miracle is not past. Every saint has worked miracles, and their performance is one of the tests of sanctity.

There is, however, a tendency among some Catholics to look askance at the invocation of the saints to work, on behalf of the sick and afflicted, miracles of restoration of health. All kinds of so called reasons are advanced against these practices of genuine piety. At one time we hear of the dangers, such as superstition and irreverence, that may arise from popular devotions; at another we are told that these manifestations only expose our religion to the scorn and contempt of the worldly-wise. Books of calumny have been written by infidels about Lourdes, yet bishops from all parts of the world have led their flocks, as pilgrims, to

that hallowed spot, where Mary, at whose request Jesus worked His first miracle, has bestowed so lavishly her favors. Fear of enemies has never stopped the Church in her maternal solicitude for the children of faith; and it would certainly be a new development if now, after two thousand years, human respect, so abhorrent to the Divine Founder, were to be catalogued as a Christian virtue.

Nor do we think that the shepherds of today are careless or unvigilant in guarding their sheep and lambs from the wolf of superstition. Faith is fostered by devotion to the relics of the saints through which miracles have been wrought; prayers are not always answered by God; cures are not always effected by the application of relics, because God knows what is best, and it is His will which the sick, and sad, and lonely, wish to be accomplished. When therefore, we see in France, in Ireland, or in America those wonderful examples of outward devotions at the shrines of the saints with the fervent prayers that rise to heaven for health and healing of soul and body, we see, too, with the eyes of faith a Pierced Hand raised in blessing, and we confess the Finger of God is here.

## A Word for Saint Mary Magdalen

(Feast July 22)

By VIOLET O'CONNOR

Never a word for me,  
Never one word for me. . .

And I knelt at His Feet  
And knew it was meet  
That there should not be:

It was sins of mine  
And sins like mine  
That nailed Him to the tree.

Never a word for me.  
Seven words in all  
Those Sacred Lips let fall,  
But not one word for me.  
Forgiveness for His executioners,  
Heav'n for the penitent thief,  
And consolation for His Mother and St. John;  
But not one word for me!

And I knelt at His Feet  
And knew it was meet  
That there should not be.

\* \* \* \*

Then came my hour:  
On Easter morning,  
When His Body was restored;  
At day-break, in the garden,  
All alone I found my Lord;  
I had accepted punishment,  
And this was my reward:  
He turned and spoke—  
He spoke my name,  
And I was re-assured.  
"Mary!"  
That was my word.

# Categorica

*Set Forth in News and Opinions*

EDITED BY N. M. LAW

## THE CITY OF CONFUSION

The controversies in regard to doctrine now raging in the Episcopalian and Presbyterian churches clearly testify to the necessary confusion arising from man-made religions. The controversy in the Presbyterian church centered on the accepting or rejecting of a report drawn up by a committee of fifteen. As reported by Ishbel Ross of the *New York Herald Tribune*:

Dr. Macartney pointed out that the judicial commission of the General Assembly last year went on record that New York Presbytery had erred in licensing a young man who refused to affirm the Virgin Birth and that the synod of New York had erred in not sustaining the complaint of the minority in the Presbytery. Its findings were absolute, but the commission of fifteen in its report intimated that new cases might come to trial and a different verdict was conceivable.

"We didn't need a commission of fifteen to tell us that a judicial court could reverse itself," Dr. Macartney commented. "This clause leaves the impression with the Presbytery of New York or any other Presbytery that although the General Assembly has declared judgment finally, there is some little encouragement in bringing up a new case. If another man is hunted up they are left to suppose they might get a different decision. I don't believe they would."

"If you permit section three to stand as it is, there is not a Presbytery in the Church taking the stand of the Presbytery of New York to-day, there is not a man holding what may be considered loose views who will not flaunt this doctrine in our faces when a protest is made. They will be defiant when there is something about the question that is still open."

"That means we are left in confusion as to whether we have certainty and finality in our law as to the constitution and doctrines of the Presbyterian Church."

"We are dealing with a most critical matter. If you adopt this document as it stands it is tantamount to a deliverance on the part of the Presbyterian Church, only with this difference, that it has the added weight and prestige of a distinguished commission of fifteen who have studied the question for a year."

"Neither this commission nor any other commission can ever bring this assembly to one mind as to this vexed question of doctrine and constitution. If this report goes on record there is not a loose Presbyterian who will not quote it."

## WHAT REALLY MATTERS

The Presbyterian Church doesn't know whether or not it believes in the Divinity of Jesus Christ, the Virgin Birth and other fundamental doctrines of Christianity. But it does believe in the super-important doctrine of Volsteadism:

The General Assembly went on record as opposing

any modification of the Volstead law that would permit the sale of wine or beer for beverage purposes under any guise or method. It also pronounced itself definitely opposed to a referendum on this issue. "We urge all Presbyterians to renewed interest, increased activity and larger support, morally and financially, of the Eighteenth Amendment," the resolution read.

## MIRACLES

*Columbia* publishes this poem. Read it in conjunction with "The Finger of God" in this issue:

### TRUST

By Helen Meade

Dear God, why do they speak as though  
The host of wondrous, kindly things—  
The miracles, You made so long ago  
Are gone forever with that time like deeds a poet  
sings?

Whereas we know despite the pain  
Our errors give, Your very Godliness must  
Cause You to do these things for us again,  
By means of the ambassadors You trust.  
Great God, when You were here on earth, a man,  
You never turned aside the earnest plea  
Of beggar, magdalen or thief, so can  
We fear that now You will less generous be?  
In that far day You made the lame to walk;  
You healed the lepers, made the dead rise up;  
Made the deaf hear, the dumb to talk;  
You gave them of Your body from a Cup.  
Still other glorious deeds we know about—  
You cleansed the sinner, made the blind to see,  
And pondering all, how can I even doubt,  
That some day soon, My God, You'll answer me?

## HEARD ON A PULLMAN

A correspondent sent us this one:

"Give me a Pullman berth," said the man.

"Upper or lower?" asked the agent.

"What's the difference?"

"A difference of fifty cents in this case," said the agent. "The lower is higher than the upper, the higher price is for the lower. If you want to go lower you'll have to go higher. We sell the upper lower than the lower. In other words, the higher the lower. Most people don't like the upper, although it is lower on account of being higher. When you occupy the upper, you have to get up to go to bed, and get down when you get up. You can have the lower if you pay higher. The upper is lower than the lower because it is higher. If you are willing to go higher, it will be lower."

The man waited not.

## THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

In view of some startling statements about the Eucharistic Congress in our public prints, we are glad to reprint this from *The Outlook*:

Chicago is reputed to be fond of bigness, and the

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preliminary press correspondence from that city relating to the Eucharistic Congress of the Roman Catholic Church that convened on June 20 did not alter that impression. It would not be fair to quote as an example one dispatch which declared that the Congress "is the greatest business boom the city has ever had" under the really shocking caption—for which a New York copy editor was presumably responsible—"Chicago Shops Ready for Eucharistic Boom;" but there certainly was in the reports generally a marked tendency to marshal large figures as if for a World's Fair rather than to discuss the spiritual benefits which this meeting is intended to confer. Thus we are told in another dispatch that 13 cardinals, 500 bishops, 5,000 priests, 12,000 nuns, and 750,000 laymen will "bow before the Holy Eucharist in Chicago's historic Coliseum," that the altar is 200 feet square and that twelve tons of steel are in the frame of the altar.

What is this Eucharistic Congress apart from its magnitude, splendor, and ceremonial? Eucharist, the Greek word for thanksgiving, is one of the ancient names applied to the Lord's Supper, and likewise to the consecrated Bread and Wine. As defined in the Catholic Encyclopedia, Eucharistic Congresses, of which this is the eighteenth, are "gatherings of ecclesiastics and laymen for the purpose of celebrating and glorifying the Holy Eucharist and of seeking the best means to spread its knowledge and love throughout the world."

They are not, as are oecumenical councils, official assemblies of the Church Universal (in the Roman Catholic sense) for the purpose of acting upon questions of doctrine and discipline subject only to the assent of the Pope. They are devotional rather than theological.

The institution of these great gatherings dates back only forty-five years; the first was held at Lille, France, in 1887. A very important and memorable Congress of this kind was held in 1908 in the then new Westminster Catholic Cathedral in London, when Cardinal Vannutelli was the Papal Legate, an office filled this year by Cardinal Bonzano. The Pope (Pius X) declared it to be the greatest of all for its concourse of illustrious men, the weight of its deliberation, its display of faith, and the magnificence of its religious functions. No Eucharistic Congress has been held before in the United States, and only one on this continent—at Montreal in 1910.

The Catholic population in the United States is estimated at about 16,000,000. That this gathering of eminent men of the Church from all parts of the world should excite deep interest and enthusiasm is natural and right. That it may lead to a deep appreciation of those universal truths that underlie all Christian faith rather than of specific dogmas or of symbolic splendor is to be hoped.

### WHAT IS WANTING?

Bishop Webb (Anglican Group) of Milwaukee speaks with the rapturous joy of one suddenly coming upon the form of truth and beauty. We may safely catch his enthusiasm and permit him to revive our appreciation of truths—ours by right of the uninterrupted inheritance of the Faith:

We have been thinking much of the Anglican Movement as we have been keeping the ninetieth anniversary of Keble's Assize Sermon. That Oxford Movement has developed into what is now generally known as the Anglo-Catholic Movement. How that Movement, for it is fundamentally one, has affected the Anglican Church! What a revival there has been

in doctrine and worship! How it has changed our conception of the Church...made us realize the necessity of Baptism, the importance of Penance, the value of Confirmation! Above all, how much more the Blessed Sacrament of our Lord's Body and Blood means to us! The Sacrifice of the Mass, the Holy Eucharist, as the chief act of worship; daily Masses, the value of frequent Communion, the blessing and help of our Lord's presence in the tabernacles over our altars, the forgiveness and healing in the Sacrament of Unction, the comfort of praying for our dead and our ability to help them.

We invoke the Blessed Mother and all Saints to pray for us, as many of the great Doctors and Saints of the Church have done from the earliest ages, as the whole Eastern and Latin Churches do to-day.

### MONEY TALKS

The financial argument is one of the stock-in-trade of the reformer. That it isn't always true may be gathered from this:

A reformer said to himself, "Now that we have almost got prohibition, why not start in on tobacco?" He challenged the first man he met the next morning with, "Old man, you smoke too much. How many cigars do you smoke a day?"

"About ten cigars a day," answered the man.

"At about twenty cents apiece that would make two dollars a day, and, as you have been smoking for thirty years, my, what a lot of money that means!"

Turning around, the reformer said: "Do you see that office building on the corner? If you had never smoked in your life you might own that building to-day."

The smoker looked at the reformer and said, "Do you smoke?"

"Of course not; I never touched tobacco in any form in my life."

"Do you own that building?"

"No."

"Well, I do."

### CHRISTIANITY AWAKENED!

Under the above caption the *Chicago American* states that the Eucharistic Congress shows that the spirit of Christ is still the dominant factor in life:

The Twenty-eighth International Eucharistic Congress has passed into history.

The good that the congress has brought to humanity is impossible of calculation by humanity. But none of the three millions of Chicago's inhabitants or of the more than a million more who came into touch, directly or indirectly, with any of the impressive ceremonies could but realize that the congress conclusively demonstrated that Christ still is the dominant note in this earthly life.

Even in preparation the congress was astounding. The forecast that a million pilgrims would attend to express faith in their Christ was accepted. But it was not until the million were actually on hand that the true significance of the forecast was appreciated.

The first public mass astounding, and many believed the event could not be surpassed. But the peak was not reached. In its succeeding ceremonies the congress swept on to higher and higher heights.

Chicago, third city of the world, and for that reason accustomed to great spectacles, congratulates itself that in the congress it beheld the greatest spectacle possible to mankind—the world paying homage to its God.



# Catholic Youth and Secular Bible Teaching

*The Word of God or Nothing*

By B. S. BOSMAN



AS long as public and high schools give preference, in filling teaching positions, to graduates of colleges secular,—Protestant colleges, no less,—and those colleges have endowment funds that make possible the bestowal of many scholarships each year, just so long I suppose will daughters of Catholics who have none too much money be tempted to enter their "portals of learning." Teaching continues to be the happiest means of earning for a young woman. It is safe and it offers a permanency, with definite, progressive advancement in salary,—factors not to be passed over lightly.

If a Catholic young girl spends four years,—or eight or ten, as she has quitted parochial school late or early,—in an unspiritual atmosphere, what is to be the extent of harm to her plastic young mind?

If there is compulsory Bible study under lay Protestant instructors, as is the custom in many girls' colleges, will it or will it not affect her religiously? In other words, is lay-teaching of the Bible a menace to Catholic young Faith?

I can write about it from experience on the feminine side. I know no reason, however, why a Catholic boy who goes to secular high school and college should be affected otherwise than a young Catholic girl by the same contacts.

Of a secular high school's influence I can say very little. It affected me not at all. My term in one was brief; and on my first visit to morning "chapel," compulsory in these schools, the principal broke down in the middle of the Lord's Prayer. His inability to remember the rest of it tickled me so that I seem to have retained no other recollection of all the ensuing chapel exercises I must have attended.

College and its required Bible course during sophomore year left a solidier impression, and it is of this I would write. For a decade had passed before I recovered from a disturbing bewilderment that came over me during weeks when a lay teacher tore the Old Testament to pieces,—and then, whipped it together again, more to his liking.

The Bible to me had always been a great and holy book, about the authenticity and authority of which there could be no doubt. Of course it had

been inspired; and it had a rare historical background. I remembered it from infancy,—a huge brown book on the parlor table, in which births, marriages and deaths were recorded and from which my father read, frequently. He had been left an orphan early and had been brought up by non-Catholics. He had what my mother's people called a Protestant complex and he discussed the Bible, while they took it for granted.

He would say to my mother: "Remember this passage? Old So-and-so,—I've told you about him,—would read that verse over and over and he'd say 'No minister can make me believe that means what he says it does! It means thus and so.' He'd argue about it for an hour."

"He had little to do," said my mother.

BUT I went to a girls' college in New England, and I had to "take Bible," as we said. I heard, then, that this book was inaccurate and worthless as a guide to religion and doubtfully valuable as history. The Old Testament was made up of "garbled" and "unsound" passages; certain other passages were never meant to be incorporated in the Word, while more authenticated ones had undoubtedly been omitted.

Who had omitted? Who had garbled and interpolated? The editors of this great book. My teacher likened the Bible to a newspaper. The writers of it were but reporters, and an editor had been at work cutting and revising all the stories handed in to him.

There was Joel. Did he write in 825, B. C. or in 480 B. C.? "The preponderance of opinion leans toward a later date." But that does not matter so much. What matters is that Joel's style is "smooth and oratorical," and that he was "no more inspired than any newspaper reporter holding forth on current events of his day." Of his effusion an editor had said: "All very well as far as it goes, but here is an argument left out. We'll put it in." He completed Joel.

The editor, the editor. He had "annotated," and "expanded." Eliu is the "sole creation" of one of them. . . Why should all Job be Job, when an editor was about to meddle with him?

"Now, most of the prophetic books so-called ended with something bright and cheerful, but the book of Amos did not, so some editor completed it



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with a happy ending flitched from another book."

My college dictionary told me that prophecy meant prediction. In my Bible class I was told that prophecy in the Old Testament was interpretation of things that had gone before. "A prophet appropriated and applied the myths and lore of peoples who had antedated the Jews to the needs of the Jews themselves."

"People erroneously called these things prophecy."

Take Isaias,—which is not all Isaias. In part he wrote of events that happened two hundred years after his time. He might have been inspired, but "it isn't likely. Rather, an editor rounded out Isaias many years later than two hundred years after his time." He was "no more inspired than any other poet;" he was "compiled as was the Odyssey." Any one of the editors of the Old Testament may have *tampered* with him.

**I**N a word, what Christians are wont to term biblical inspirations and prophecy was "only clear-headed thinking on political and religious matters." Visions, dreams were "a literary device."

We ridiculed Moses, Mount Sinai, the Ten Commandments themselves. "The writers of the New Testament, who were also the custodians of the Old, knew no other way of referring to law *per se* except as 'the laws of Moses.'"

"It is debatable whether Moses ever had anything to do with these laws. The editors left out Hammurabi, who enforced the same laws centuries before Moses was born. And Hammurabi but revamped a code that had been existent long before his time."

I pass over our study of Genesis and the cool analysis of time sequence there; over the humor of Jonas and his whale; over the "love songs of Solomon" that had "crept into the Bible through heaven alone knows what simplicity of soul or grim wit" on the part of the ever-active editor. After all, those are Biblical diversions that I had heard somewhere before I entered college.

Nor shall I dwell on our dissection of the New Testament, when we heard that Saint Paul was a dyspeptic hunchback and woman-hater whose Epistles have been taken too seriously by the churches since. The lay teacher was being funny.

I put emphasis only on the recapitulation of the fellow when the course was ended: "There is no division to be made between the secular and religious wisdom of the Bible. Wisdom was useful; it was tantamount to our *gumption*."

"And any feeling for God in the Old Testament is subordinated to the Hebraic *gumption* of being wise and getting along."

**I** DO not want my readers to understand that this compulsory Bible course had undermined my Faith. I think it had done no more than bewilder me,—and perhaps had sown in my young brain some seeds that might or might not blossom into weeds.

I was too young to know what it had done, and too proud to admit *even to myself* that what I had been supposed to learn there could affect me in the slightest degree.

\* \* \* \*

Back from college, I went about my living, my religion and my teaching, which had been made quickly and easily possible for me because I had gone to that particular girls' college. I put the secular Bible course out of my mind.

But one day in an argument with a Protestant, I heard myself say: "If Christianity is right, then of course you'll have to admit that Roman Catholicism is the only Christianity!"

*If Christianity is right!*

A thing of this sort is like a fever, and the ultimate danger varies with the patient. In my own case, the results were suddenly and dramatically reduced to nil by a chance. I might, indeed, have worked out the answer by myself. My education plus my religious training was comprehensive enough to have made this possible. But I was young, and the young do not quite know what is in their minds. I like to believe that the revelation from outside came to me as a *Gift*.

\* \* \* \*

One night, when I was ten years out of college, I sat in a crowded lecture hall in Buffalo, N. Y., and heard the then Bishop Keane of Cheyenne talk under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus. He had been asked a question about the Bible by one of his non-Catholic hearers: "Were certain parts of it authentic? Hadn't the monks changed and interpolated passages in transcribing and preserving the Book for posterity?"

He hurled this answer at his questioner: "Who told you any part of the Bible is authentic?"

He held a copy toward his large audience. "You have only the word of the Church of Rome that the Bible is the Bible!" he cried. "You have no shred of evidence other than her witness! If you won't accept her word for it, you have no authority! It is the Word of God as Rome guarded it for you through centuries,—or it is nothing!"

Of course!

But it does a Catholic no harm to hear that again.

THE SIGN POST is in a special sense our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer as clearly as possible any question relating to Catholic belief and practice, and publish all communications of more or less general interest. Please make your communications brief. The more questions, the better! As evidence of good faith, sign your name and address.

# THE SIGNPOST

QUESTIONS  
AND  
COMMUNICATIONS

No anonymous communications will be considered. Writers' names will not be printed, unless with their consent. Don't hesitate to send in your questions and comments. What interests you will very likely interest others, and will make this department more instructive and attractive. Please address: THE SIGN UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY.

## CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

Although capital punishment is at present exercised in punishment of crime, it is questionable to many whether or not this sort of practice is just and in accordance with the Scriptures. True, it is in accordance with the Old Law, but is it confirmed by the New Testament? It would be of great interest to me to know the Catholic viewpoint and opinion on this question of capital punishment.—Pittsburg.

The question of capital punishment for malefactors guilty of atrocious crimes may be regarded either as to its justice or its expedience. If this distinction is kept in mind the obscurity which covers it in so many minds will be clarified. Moreover, it behooves us to remember that the only one who has absolute dominion over men is God; "they are all mine," Ex. 13/2. Only one who has dominion can use or destroy without accountability to another; "thou, O Lord, hast power over life and death," Wis. 16/13. Private men and moral bodies, such as the state, have no proper right to take human life. If the state has such power actually, it has been granted by the absolute Author and Conserver of Life. Has that right been conferred by God? If we look in the Holy Scripture, which contains God's revelation to mankind, we find that both in the Old Testament and in the New He has delegated to those who rule the people in His name ("for those that are, are ordained of God," Rom. 13/1) the power of inflicting death for certain heinous crimes. There are many passages in the Old Testament which sanction the death penalty: "Whosoever shall shed man's blood, his blood shall be shed; for man was made to the image of God," Gen. 9/6. "He that striketh a man with a will to kill him, shall be put to death," Ex. 21/12. In the New Testament we find in the Epistle to the Romans 13/3,4, "Wilt thou then not be afraid of the power? Do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise from the same. For he is God's minister to thee for good. But if thou do that which is evil, fear: for he beareth not the sword in vain. For he is God's minister, an avenger to execute wrath upon him that doth evil." The power of the sword is a mode of expression which denotes the power of punishing by death. And the Apocalypse, 13/10, "He that shall kill by the sword must be killed by the sword."

It is clear from these passages that the Author of Life has given to the legitimate civil power the right to punish malefactors with death. Consequently, it must be just, because God not only allows it, but in some instances positively prescribes it.

The Catholic doctrine is summed up by St. Thomas Aquinas in his Summa, II, II. q. LXIV. a. II. "To kill malefactors is not only lawful, but sometimes even necessary. Every part of a being is ordained for the good of the whole being. The part is not for its own sake, but for the sake of the being of which it is a part. Thus, if the excision of a member will bring health to the whole body, its lopping off is something

good and salutary. Now, each individual is but a part of the community. Hence, if any individual becomes a scourge and source of corruption to the community, it is a good and salutary thing to take his life in order to preserve the common good, for, as the Apostle says; "a little leaven corrupteth the whole lump," I Cor. 5/6.

The expedience of using the death penalty in punishment of grievous crimes is another question. The very reason of capital punishment is ultimately the common good. There may be a difference of opinion as to whether capital punishment or life imprisonment more effectively attains this end. But there can be no question about the justice of the death penalty for, say, deliberate murder. Judging from the present condition of society and the shocking number of deliberate murders (estimated 170,000 in twenty years), it would seem that the only effective way of putting a stop to such atrocities, in so far as that is humanly possible, is to take away the scourge from among the people by the infliction of the gravest punishment in the power of the state, viz., the death penalty.

According to Judge Marcus Kavanaugh of the Criminal Court of Chicago, 118,000 murderers walk the streets unpunished. He says that the chances of a criminal escaping the just punishment of his crime is 110 to 1 (New York Herald-Tribune, April 23, 1926.) A local paper—Hudson Dispatch, May 6, 1926—says that an insurance company investigated 611 cases of murder, and that a little over 1% actually paid the penalty for the crime. The editor pertinently remarks, "Murder and homicide have been made practically safe in the United States."

In a situation like this right reason and sound common sense demand that we do not cast about for milder forms of punishment, but rather use that which is most effective in stemming the evil. And there is yet to be found a more efficacious remedy of heinous crime than the fear of a capital punishment.

## FORBIDDEN DEGREE

May a couple be married who are related as follows: the man's grandfather on his mother's side was a brother to the lady's mother on her father's side. If not, may a dispensation be obtained? How will they go about it?—New York.

The parties are related in the third degree of blood relationship and therefore require a dispensation. Consult your pastor.

## SOUL DIFFICULTIES

(1) It does not seem quite reasonable to believe that two persons who have died immediately after committing a certain sin would be either lost or saved, depending on whether they "thought" the sin was mortal or venial. (2) Is it sufficient to make one's Easter duty during the prescribed time, or must one have the direct intention that on a stated day the

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obligation is being fulfilled? (3) Must one be free from venial sin in order to benefit by the provisions of the Jubilee indulgence? (4) Is it necessary to know for a certainty whether or not one is in the state of sanctifying grace?—XYZ.

(1) Keeping in mind what is meant by an erroneous conscience—that is, a certain persuasion concerning the goodness or badness of an act which does not agree with its real, objective character, there is nothing unreasonable in the doctrine that a person contracts the malice or merit of an act which he performs or omits in that state. If I go into a restaurant thinking that it is Friday, and nevertheless order a meat dinner, I commit a grave sin, even though when finished I discover that it is Thursday. Why? Because my conscience, in the supposition, was persuaded that it was Friday, and yet with this knowledge I deliberately placed an act contrary to this certain, but erroneous conscience. The point which seems to shock so many is the logical inference from this principle, viz., that one dying in such a state would not attain salvation if he did not repent of his sin. Since grave sin, unrepented of, prevents one from attaining salvation, there is only one other place to go to.—The other side of the question may be more convenient. If on Friday I go into a restaurant and order a meat dinner, thinking that it is Thursday, in perfectly good faith, I commit no sin. Why? Because I acted according to my conscience.—It is not to be inferred that one who acts contrary to a certain but erroneous conscience goes to hell right away. If the sin committed is mortal and unrepented of, what is the portion of such an one but the "outer regions;" if the sin is venial—purgatory. These are the principles governing certain but erroneous states of conscience. To apply these principles in every actual case is very difficult, because there may be some circumstance which will change the case. Only God "the Searcher of hearts" knows all things.

(2) To make a worthy confession and communion during the time prescribed is sufficient.

(3) A universal sorrow for all sins—venial and mortal—is necessary if the indulgence is to be really plenary or complete. However, it is encouraging to know that if the full remission is not gained, that much is obtained which responds to the degree of our worthiness. (4) The only certainty that we can have is a moral certainty that we are in the state of sanctifying grace. This is obtained from the testimony of our conscience that we are not conscious of mortal sin unrepented of.

### PAYING FOR BEING MARRIED

I have always understood that you pay when you get married (the sum varying), besides what you give to the priest who performs the ceremony. I have been told by several that they never heard of paying anything. Of course, I do not say that you cannot be married in the church unless you do.—N. J.

Your friends' testimony is much to be preferred. No one "pays" to be married, after the manner of buying a suit of clothes. The administration of the sacraments cannot be measured or valued according to money. But it is a perfectly legitimate custom which is sanctioned by the Holy Scriptures and the Church, that on occasion of the administration of the sacraments an offering be made by those who can do so, which offering goes to the honest support of the ministers of the altar; "know you not that they who serve the altar partake with the altar? So also the Lord ordained that they "who preach the gospel should live by the gospel," 1 Cor. 9/13, 14. There is no obligation of making two offerings; nor is

there a prohibition to do so, either. Even natural equity would suggest that the man of God who united the parties in holy wedlock would be given the opportunity of sharing in the general joyousness.

### VERBAL DIFFICULTIES

Can you explain why we claim Adam as the first parent of mankind? Remember, the Bible tells us that after God made Adam and Eve He told them to multiply and replenish the earth. Now, you know as well as I do, that to refill something means that it was filled before. If so, who was he that was before Adam?—Brooklyn

Your difficulty will quickly vanish if you read Gen. 1/28—"Increase and multiply and FILL the earth," as given in the Douay Catholic version of the Holy Scriptures. There is no question of refilling, but of filling. Adam was the first man because there was no human being in existence before him. This is certified from the evidence of the infallible word of God contained in the Bible, is taught by the Catholic Church, and is the common belief of mankind. You must remember, moreover, that the Bible was not written in English. The Catholic version conveys the true sense of the original documents.

### DIVORCED SPOUSE AGAIN

Can a Catholic young lady marry a divorced man in the Catholic Church. If so, under what conditions; and if not, why not?—L. I.

This question has been answered times without number. It all depends on the freedom of the divorced man. If his first marriage is invalid, he is free to marry a Catholic lady if she will have him; if his former marriage is valid, then he is not free to marry again, until after the death of his first wife. The reason why divorced but validly married people (in the eyes of God and the Church) cannot marry again is because the law of God does not permit a man to have two wives at the same time, nor a wife two husbands. In order to determine whether or not a divorced party is free to marry again a thorough investigation must be conducted by the proper authorities.

To Troubled Conscience:—You have no reason to worry. It is not necessary to mention it. To H. B. G. Chicago, Ill.: In regard to your question relating to Martin Luther I refer you to "Facts About Luther," by Mons. O'Hare, published by Pustet & Co., pages 344-348. Delicacy forbids our discussing the morals of the reformer (?) in the pages of THE SIGN. Or, if you prefer, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

### JESUS: JUDAS

Our Lord knows all things—past, present, and future. Therefore, in selecting Judas as one of the "Chosen Twelve" is it not obvious, in view of the fact that Our Lord knows all things, that Jesus knew what His end would be? Would it have been possible that Judas in another avocation might have been saved? For are we not told that certain types are unfit for certain vocations, and very often must make the choice between their chosen vocation and the salvation of their soul?—Baltimore.

You are perfectly correct when you say that our Lord knows all things—past, present, and future. Omniscience is an attribute of the divine nature, which our Lord possesses. And it is likewise obvious to one who holds this truth that Jesus knew, when He selected Judas to be "one of the twelve," what His end would be. And it is also probable that Judas, had not our Lord chosen him, would not have made the miserable end which he did. But the

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misconception latent in questions of this nature is that Jesus is in some way guilty of injustice, or imprudence, or unkindness,—or what you will, in selecting Judas to be an apostle, when He knew from the beginning, as St. John intimates (John 6/72), who he was who would betray Him.

This question is more easily answered by looking to Christ more than to Judas. Jesus is God; therefore, absolute truth and absolute goodness. He cannot deceive. He cannot do wrong, because, being divine, His will is unalterably turned towards what is good and just and holy. It follows that whatever He does is the highest wisdom and justice and goodness. Consequently, our Lord's choice of Judas even though He foresaw his treason, was neither unjust, nor imprudent, nor the least whit unkind.

This bugbear of God's knowledge of all things,—past, present, and future, should offer no difficulty to one who thinks a little. God's knowledge of future events, even the free actions of men, does not NECESSITATE their being done, in order, as it were, to make His divine knowledge come true; but He knows them because THEY WILL BE DONE. If this were not so, there would be some things unknown to Him, and He would be obliged to wait until a choice was made and an action performed before He would obtain the knowledge about that particular act,—somewhat as the nervous public waited from day to day for news of the Norge on her polar flight. If this were the case, I say, Christ's knowledge would grow more and more with the performance of free actions by men, which, of course, would mean that He was not absolute in knowledge—which is tantamount to saying that He is not God. This conclusion shows the absurdity of the implication that Christ's foreknowledge in any way necessitated Judas' treason, and also affirms the truth of the statement that He knew from the beginning who he was who would betray Him. This foreknowledge of Christ (or rather, this actual knowledge of our Lord, for there is no time with God; He lives in one everlasting "NOW") does not necessitate my writing this answer. I can stop right here, or further on. I can write with pencil, or pen, or machine. But whatever I choose to do, Christ knew that before ever I did it. Yet I do not write with this machine because He knew it, but He knew it from eternity (rather actually knows it) because I choose to do it that way.

The assumption that Judas would have come off better in some other avocation is not by any means certain, but purely problematical. From all the evidences we have from the Gospel, and from tradition, he was very well fitted for the apostleship; otherwise, Christ, "Who knew what was in man" would not have chosen him. When Judas was made an apostle he was still a MAN. Therefore, endowed with free-will. He could still do wrong. The outcome is proof of that. And it is well to remember that he was not the only one among the apostles to commit sin. Peter denied Christ, all fled from Him and left Him alone; at the cross one only—John—was present. Think of the opportunities that Judas had both before and after his crime! The countless graces, the divine example, the strong urges to goodness, and the eleventh hour veiled reproach that ought to have softened a heart of stone; "Friend, whereunto art thou come?" Judas, betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?" Yea, even the tugging of grace at the heart of the traitor before he breathed his last and his bowels gushed out! Wasted and profaned opportunities by the stubborn resistance of that free-will which God Almighty never violates. What the prophet of old said of the Jewish nation can with all truth be said of Judas; "destruction is thine own."

Your last paragraph is true in regard to human choices of avocations. Men are limited in knowledge, and, therefore, may err in choosing a certain profession or state of life. But our Lord is infallible and all-knowing; therefore, there is no parallel between the two cases.

The wretched end of Judas is indeed sad. It is a classic example of the adage; "the corruption of the best is the worst." The greater the eminence, the lower the fall. But we must remember that Lucifer fell from paradise; Adam was banished from the Garden of Eden; and we must all "work out our salvation in fear and trembling." Is there injustice in God? God forbid!

## VAGRANT SPIRITS

Do the spirits of the dead return to the earth to their former homes, to complete unfilled tasks, to haunt those who have been a party to their sins in life? Personally, I have always been a firm disbeliever in all such things, and I was surprised beyond words to note your reply to a question on such phenomena in the February SIGN. I did not suppose that a magazine of your standing would give credence to such utterances. Therefore, my question: do you believe that the departed spirits return?—Baltimore.

You will notice, if you read over again the answer contained in the February issue, page 286, that we did not point out the cause of the case narrated. We gave an answer which would explain certain preternatural phenomena, if such unusual occurrences really took place. In questions of this nature what can an editor do but reply according to suppositions? He must construct his reply according to the details given, without being certain of their truth. The answer given applies to the cause of preternatural phenomena in general. Which of the causes operated in the case we were unable to say. The rest of the answer might be termed a serio-comic reflection on the activities of the so-called spirit which seemed pertinent to the case. No one could reasonably object to a Catholic having his home blessed when certain disturbances caused grave anxiety.

Holy Mother Church believes in the existence and disturbing activities of departed spirits, especially those from the nether regions. So, many of her prayers and sacramentals are directed against them. In the blessing of holy water, which is used in the sprinkling of homes, these words are found: (in the exorcism of the salt), "that thou mayest become for all who use thee a source of health to soul and body; that every phantasm and spirit of wickedness and diabolical fraud, and every spirit of uncleanness may be adjured through thee to depart from the place;" (in the exorcism of the water), "that thou mayest drive out every machination of the enemy with his apostate angels;" (again), "O God, we humbly beseech Thee that wheresoever this water shall be sprinkled, together with the invocation of Thy Holy Name, every trick of the unclean spirit may be restrained, and the terror of the poisonous serpent may be repelled, etc." The Church in her divine office at nightfall prays; "may all phantoms of the night depart, that we may sleep in peace. Restrain our enemy (the evil spirits), lest they molest our bodies." Therefore, we, thinking with the Church, also believe in spirits, their occasional appearance, and their power to harm. St. Peter says, "Be sober and watch, because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, goeth about seeking whom he may devour. Whom resist ye, strong in faith." 1 Peter, 5 3/9.

In regard to the possibility of apparitions of the dead, the following are the main points of Catholic teaching: (1) No separated soul can pass the barriers



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which divide the spirit world from the world we live in without the permission of God. This holds for all departed spirits, the blessed, those in purgatory, the demons, and the souls in hell; (2) Very rarely does God permit separated souls to appear in a visible form for good and supernatural purposes, such as prayers to liberate them from purgatory, etc. (3) Other phenomena, which are ridiculous and unbecoming, granted that they do happen, and are not capable of being explained by natural laws, are to be attributed to the spirits of evil, which, again, if they really happen, are permitted by God; (4) You have no cause to worry that your life is going to be disturbed by any of the occurrences narrated in the case given by our subscriber.

### THANSGIVINGS

Please publish my grateful thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Last January we had our home consecrated to the Divine Heart of Our Lord. Since then many graces and blessings have come to us. My husband has almost completely recovered from sciatica and also secured a good position. We wish to let others know what prayers have done for us.—R. M. R.

Inclosed is \$2.00 for the Sun Tau Mission in thanksgiving to St. Jude for obtaining for me relief from extreme nervousness. I am anxious to make St. Jude better known among my friends.—Yonkers.

Please publish my heartfelt thanks for a favor received through St. Jude.—L. I.

### COMMUNICATIONS

Editor of THE SIGN:

I read V. J. L.'s letter in the May SIGN. I just want to let you know I also appreciate your corner. It is the first part of the magazine I read. If you did not answer questions I certainly would be disappointed. If I thought for a minute that you would have been pleased to have a person express his appreciation you would have had this letter long ago. I am very sure there are other silent appreciators. Please publish and let all the good people tell you how very much satisfaction they get out of your question corner. I know I am very much pleased if only one word of appreciation is given to me. It makes me very happy. And you, being a human like the rest of us, although you are far above us, feel as we do when our services are appreciated.

• Wishing you success and happiness,  
M. A. L. Chicago.

Editor of THE SIGN:

I was very much amused at your fine sermon in Boston last Sunday. Your subject, as you must well remember, was "Present Day Styles and the Gospel." Let you should think it strange that I should be amused by a sermon that I considered fine, I hasten to explain.

The night before your rousing discourse I was browsing in my library. Among the old forgotten tomes that I have collected in my wanderings, I chanced to pick up one marked, "The Writings of Tertullian." Now, all the world, my dear Father, knows that this ecclesiastical writer was born in the year 160 A. D. You can imagine my surprise when, in his book 'De cultu Feminarum,' my eyes fell upon this in Chapter V.: "Some refinements in dress and personal appearance are lawful, some unlawful. Pigments come under the latter head. We are not seeking to persuade you of the good of squalor and slovenliness but of the limit and norm and a just measure of the cultivation of the person. There must be no overstepping that line to which simple and sufficient refinements limit their desires,—that line

which is pleasing to God. For, those women, who rub their skins with medicaments, stain their cheeks with rouge, make their eyes prominent with antimony (fuligine, literally, 'soot') sin against Him. To them I suppose, the plastic skill of God is displeasing! In their own persons they censure the Artificer of all things! For censure they do when they amend and add to His work. Whatever is **born** is of God. Whatever is **plastered on** is the work of the devil. Do you believe, blessed sisters, that you keep God's precepts when you do not keep in your persons His lineaments?"

In the sixth chapter I nearly swooned as I read, "I see some women turn the color of their hair with saffron. (They use henna, peroxide, ammonia in A. D. 1926) They are ashamed of their own nation, ashamed that their procreation did not assign them to Germany or to Gaul; thus as it is, they transfer their hair (thither). Ill, aye, **most** ill, do they augur for themselves with their flame-colored heads and think that graceful which is polluting. Nay, more, the force of the cosmetics burns ruin into the hair. What "grace" is compatible with "injury?" But God saith, "Which of you can make a white hair black or out of a black hair make a white one?" And so they refute the Lord! "Behold," they say, "instead of white or black we make it **yellow**, more winning in grace." O temerity! The age which is the object of our prayers blushes (for itself)! A theft is effected! Youth wherein we have sinned is longed after! The opportunity of sobriety is spoilt. Far from Wisdom's daughters be folly so great! The more old age tries to conceal itself, the more will it be detected." And in Chap. VII of this same book, Tertullian asks, "Why is no rest allowed to the hair, which must be now bound, now loosed, now thinned out? (Bobbed?) Some are anxious to force their hair into curls, (Permanent waves?) some to let it hang loose and flying; not with good simplicity. And besides, you affix I know not what enormities of subtle and textile perukes (switches?): now after the manner of a helmet of undressed hide; now a mass drawn back over the neck. It has been pronounced that no man can add to his own stature. **You**, however, do add to your own **weight** by piling some kinds of rolls on the neck. From these things abstain. At the present day let God see you as He will see you **then** (day of judgment)."

Fairness, my dear Father, compels me to admit that Chapter VIII of this book of Tertullian is headed, "Men not excluded from these remarks on personal adornment." Evidently in the days of old Carthage there were Christian 'Sheiks'—boys, who sleeked their hair back and carefully guarded the contour of their noses, for our author says: "In men, for the sake of women, (just as in women for the sake of men) there is implanted, by a defect of nature, the will to please. And this sex of ours acknowledges to itself deceptive trickeries of form peculiarly its own,—such as, to cut the beard too sharply; to pluck it out here and there; to arrange the hair and to disguise its hoariness by dyes; to fix each hair in its place with some womanly pigment; to smooth all the rest of the body by the aid of some rough powder or other; then further to take every opportunity for consulting the mirror and to gaze anxiously into it."

So, my dear Father, you can understand the reason for my amusement when, in your fine sermon last Sunday, you spoke of "bobbed haired Amazons and sleek haired 'sheiks,'" for I visualized the long dead Tertullian in the second century inveighing against the barbarous fashions of his day.

With every wish for your greater success, I remain

Yours for reform,

P. C. Namron.



# The Glory of Don Ramiro

*Enrique Larreta's Epilogue on St. Rose*

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH BY CHARLES E. HODSON



PERU, the year 1605, in the City of the Kings.

It is a night toward the end of October. The City slumbers beneath the brilliancy of the constellations, and its bell-turrets rise, here and there, darker than the shadows. Fireflies glow by thousands above the gardens, and flit through the darksome trees. The moist air is redolent of perfume, and one hears, as in the quiet country, the concert of the crickets and the frogs, broken only by the voice of the watchman or the step of someone returning from the gaming-house.

Little by little, a rosy glimmer reddens the peaks of the mountains of San Cristobal and Amancaes. A subtle languid breeze comes from the sea. The cocks have not yet crowed.

Not far from the Great Square, in the garden of a humble cottage, a woman, her white dress distinguishable in the dark, comes and goes along the paths like an unquiet spirit. It is Rosa, the younger daughter of Caspar Flores and Maria Oliva. Every morning before sunrise she piously gathers flowers from the bed which she herself cultivates and takes them to the Virgin of the Rosary in the neighboring church of St. Dominic.

Even in the darkest nights her eyes behold the open blossoms, and it would seem as though they all cry out to her with mystic voices, eager to expire on the purity of the altars.

In an angle of the garden the light of a candle shines through the door of a whitewashed cell. It is the domestic hermitage made for Rosa where she may retreat for contemplation and penance without leaving her parents and brothers.

She has not taken to this mode of life from remorse or sorrow. She was a saint from birth. She was miraculous from her cradle. Her first breath brought a breeze of Paradise to the house. She was the rare lily, blessed by God in soil and seed. One might say that the angels mingle in all her occupations. Those who visit her notice the brightness and freshness of the other life in her whole person, and at night they can perceive her in the darkest rooms by the mysterious light from her hair.

She is not yet twenty years old, and no one in Lima is unaware of the marvellous prodigies with

which the Lord favors her. She alone finds it quite natural that the song sparrows should perch on her shoulder or trill their accompaniment to the fervent chant which she improvises to the touch of her lute; or that, on days of great necessity, when her mother and sisters are ill, marvellous quantities of work should come from her needle, the garments issuing one by one, without using up the reels of cotton.

From the beginning she knows that suffering and poverty are the highest dignities of this life in the sight of God, and she visits the hospitals regularly, enters the huts of the Indians, and seeks there for cases of fever, of wounds, of leprosy. She lodges the old women in her oratory, those who are driven to rummaging in the garbage for food. With her own hands she treats those with buboes and cancer, who have been abandoned by their own nearest relatives.

HER beauty is at once angelical and disturbing. She has the purity and the flame of wax. Her great eyes, which burn with a mysterious fever, enkindle sudden passion in the hearts of rich and virtuous gentlemen, despite themselves. Her mother wishes to marry her, and obliges her to adorn herself like other girls; but Rosa somehow manages to put off every gallant. The garland of flowers with which she should adorn her brow, she wears over a crown of thorns; her perfumed gloves are stained with a caustic which soils her hands. Finally, assailed by threats and violence, she declares her irrevocable vow of virginity and her secret espousals to Jesus Christ.

One night, having worked till late by candle light, she dreams that she is preparing her robe for her spiritual bridals, embroidering the nine choirs of angels, and the symbols of the Trinity and of the Holy Eucharist on a silken stuff. Suddenly it seems to her that the needle is taken from her hand. A pallid angel with dark curls shines suddenly before her and offers her a crown of tears and a vesture made of leper's scales which our Lord sends her, and displays the nuptial veil, the incorporeal veil, visible only to the soul, a veil made of the sighs and sobs of the world.

She opens the gate with extreme precaution so as not to awaken the sleepers, and goes out of the house, pressing the flowers she is going to offer

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to the Virgin to her breast. She walks slowly, hardly stirring the white folds of her simple tunic. One might think that the powerful fragrance should make her giddy.

The opal of morning tinges the roofs with a pale red. Some thatched roofs hang over the street like damp ruddy hair. The doors open one by one. On passing the windows, one scents the incense bowls, just lighted in the drawing-rooms. Here and there, a bare arm slides noiselessly through the blinds to water the flower-pots. One hears the timid song of the slave girls washing the patios and portals.

Rosa enters the church, treading the dark tiles with religious respect. Two wax tapers burn at the end, near the Lady Chapel. Their tearful, vacillating light gives a glimpse of the crossed hands of a corpse on a black bier, and of the yellow sackcloth in which they have laid him out. Not a flower, not a prayer, not a mortuary cloth.

The damsel approaches. A Dominican friar, bearded and untunsured, dozes on a bench some paces from the bier. Rosa approaches him. The novice opens his eyes and murmurs in alarm: "Good God! I was dreaming of her, and I saw her, coming in this dress, in that veil, and with those flowers!"

Then, conquering his surprise, he adds pleasantly: "The Lord conduct you, holy maid. What lips could pray for the soul of this dead man better than yours?"

"Who was he?" asks Rosa, looking on the dead.

"To tell the truth, I do not know," replied the religious. "He never chose to give his name nor where he came from; but one may say this, that the Tragic Knight, as we all called him, was a great penitent, and that the wonderful story of his conversion ought to be widely published as an example for sinners."

THE friar hesitated for an instant. Then, fixing his gaze of amazement on the young girl, as though he were talking to a holy apparition, he added in a tremulous voice: "I knew him in Huancavelica six years ago. There he gathered a band of ruffians, into which Satan led me, and we set out to discover buried treasure, as they call it, and old jars of money. All this we did by force of sword and halter. We would take the *caciques* and torture them and, if they would not give us information, we would take their huts and glut ourselves with blood. Ah! no fury was like ours! Afterwards, we came to this city of Lima to consume the fruit of our crimes in vice. . . I could say much more, but this is not a fit occasion."

Rosa sighed, and the novice, passing his hand over his brow, went on with his story: "O high power of God, by what means dost Thou show light to souls plunged in darkness! I must tell you that once he who now sleeps his eternal sleep came with me to communicate at this church, for he never abandoned the Holy Sacrament and, seeing you go out of the sacristy door, he left me and followed you. Having learned how pious you were, and how entirely withdrawn from the vanities and passions of the times, he yet determined to assail you by main force. With this purpose, he one morning got me to take a litter to the neighborhood of your house, while he went to scale the garden fence. . . I saw him return at the appointed hour with an expression much changed. On coming to me, he threw his arms around my neck, exclaiming: 'She is a saint, a spouse of Christ; He it is Who speaks by her lips!'

"He groaned like a man who dare not draw from his breast the dart with which he is wounded. From that time he took to observing you from a distance, and he saw you scattering your Christian bounty on all sides. A pious envy pierced his hardened heart on hearing the blessings of the unfortunate, and on seeing so many poor creatures fall on their knees on the ground to kiss your feet. He abandoned his fine clothes, he distributed his jewels and money among the needy and, having infected me with his new frenzy, he took me with him to the country to erase by good deeds all the evil we had done there. On my word! I could not have imagined so deep remorse or such deeds of charity and repentance! God pardon his sins, and grant me also time to purge away mine in this holy house of religion!"

"What was his death?" asked the damsel with a timid anxious expression.

"You might call his death a very good one," replied the novice, "such was his contrition. In the month of August a native, whom he had cured of a terrible pain in his bones, was compelled to work in the mine called la Hedionda at Huancavelica. The Tragic Knight willed to work in his stead and, dressed like a savage, spent more than five hours a day in the bowels of the earth. In this way he caught so violent a fever that in less than a week he was paralyzed. I brought him to this convent of the Rosary where, after long suffering, he died at nine last night, edifying all the religious by his accents of humility and by his sublime confidence in God's mercy. . . I should tell you this," he added, his voice broken by emotion, "that in his last moments, he mingled your name, holy maid, with those of Christ and Our Lady."

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Rosa approached the bier. How doubt of it? She found before her the corpse of that unknown man who had scaled her garden wall one morning, and to whom she had discoursed largely on the divine and true love, in words doubtless dictated by heaven, without giving him time to open his lips.

She fixed her eyes with profound attention on the dead face and, noticing the ineffable lustre clinging to his eyelids, she understood that before they closed those eyes had contemplated some

exalted vision of the Paradise awaiting his soul.

She dropped a flower on his breast, then another, then another—

The dawn scarce-lit the temple with livid light falling from the windows, and the old cloud of incense hanging over the naves moved at moments, as though angels were flying in the shadows. Rosa of Santa Maria knelt piously, and murmured a prayer for the soul of the deceased.

Such was the Glory of Don Ramiro.

### Cambaceres and the Poor Clares of Le Puy\*



ONE day in the year 1764, two lay sisters of the Poor Clares from the convent of Le Puy knocked at the door of the Cambaceres mansion in Montpellier. The pious women were immediately admitted in order that they might receive the alms always reserved in this house for the servants of God. As it happened, however, they had first to be spectators of a severe punishment which the mother of the house was attempting to impose on her eleven year old son, Jean-Jacques Cambaceres, who had been up to some mischievous prank.

The young scamp was energetically struggling with his mother who was endeavoring to give him a good spanking. Seeing this, the nuns timidly attempted to obtain pardon for the obstreperous offender. The sweet insistence of the sisters succeeded in obtaining the parental mercy and Jean-Jacques escaped what would undoubtedly have been a well-merited chastisement.

"When I grow up," he said to his liberators, "remember me in case you need any help that I am able to give you. I shall always remain your devoted friend."

The years passed and then came the revolutionary tempest which drove out the nuns from the convent of Le Puy.

Cambaceres became a deputy during the time of the National Convention (1792-5) and finally Second Consul under Napoleon. The sisters survived this time of persecution and after many lamentable migrations in the endeavor to reestablish their convent finally regrouped themselves in their old home. They remembered the words of the future arch-chancellor. On foot they went to the capital city and asked for an audience with this great official of the new regime. Cambaceres,

deeply stirred at seeing the tearful sisters took immediate and insistent measures with the emperor. So successful was he that, by a decree signed by the emperor at Warsaw, the old convent was reopened.

One can imagine how profoundly grateful were the Sisters of the Poor to the grandchild of the ancient tax-collector of the diocese. The poor nuns naturally desired to make some expression of gratitude other than through their prayers, but could do nothing better than send to their benefactor some of their own cheese, peas and fresh lentles.

The gift came quickly to its destination and after some time there was delivered to the hand of the doorkeeper of the quiet retreat an important letter with an imposing red seal. This was the letter of Cambaceres:

"The attentions that the mother superior and her sister religious have manifested have aroused in me deep emotion. In a desire not to appear disobliging, I have accepted with gratitude the food which you ladies deprived yourself of in my behalf. I ask you to accept in return the fifty francs which will be paid at sight of inclosed order by the general bureau of the Haute-Loire Department.

My family has always contributed to help the monastery of the holy sisters of St. Clare in Velay (Le Puy). I consider it a duty to follow their example and to present my homage to the mother superior and her sisterhood. I ask your prayers."

Thus was established in the monastery the tradition to exchange good-wishes and gifts between the potent duke of Parme (a later title) and the humble religious of Le Puy. When he came to die, 8th of March, 1824, in a vale of the Cevennes mountains, the bell rang long in the belfry of the monastery chapel and many unknown lips said most fervent prayers for the repose of the soul of the small Jean-Jacques, the protector and friend of the humble sisters of St. Clare, who did not forget the promise made in Montpellier.

\*Translated from L'Idisto Katolika by L. H. Dyer

# Sitio

## *Surcease To a Thirst*

By PETER MCBRIEN



HE cheque in his breast-pocket was burning him and he hardly heard the words of the factory manager.

"How did you let things get into arrears like this?" the irate manager repeated his

stern question.

"We have a week," answered Jack, recalling his attention from the cheque that was tempting him like a live thing in his pocket.

"Oh, we know, Lane, you're a high-pressure man when you're up against it, but hang it! the necessity for this high-pressure business is getting too monotonous. You were made secretary of this company because we believed you were a steady man. If the directors imagined things 'd be let get into this mess there'd be trouble."

Jack Lane was about to tell him that he had eaten up a lot of the overplus already during the last three nights unknown to anybody, but the angry manager banged down the lid of his desk with a sudden bang that rasped the young fellow's nerves and slid out mumbling "'d evening!"

Jack Lane was now alone in the office. He idly pencilled a few aimless designs on the folded blotting-paper that lay across the repellent account-book. At last, listlessly, he pushed back his chair with extreme quietude, as if he were afraid to disturb someone, rose lazily, walked slowly over to a coatstand, put on a bowler hat, and went out into the moisture-laden street.

A girl stood at the corner a few yards down.

"Come in, Kitty," he said to her, "and have a cup of tea in Hewson's. I'm a bit tired."

"You look sick, Jack," said she, as soon as they were seated.

"I am sick, Kitty."

"You're pale, and there are black circles round your eyes."

"Oh, physically!" He spoke clearly but with a kind of deliberate softness, a velvety whisper.

"How then?" The blue eyes of the girl, full of personality, scrutinized his mouth in expectancy of his answer, as it were. It was a sensitively curved mouth.

"I am sick of people standing guard over me."

"Do you mean me, Jack?"

"The factory manager, and Father Somers, and

yes! You. I hope you understand, now."

The girl said nothing for a while. Her chin, full and rounded, rested on her interlaced fingers, her eyes were mutinous, she bit her lip, obviously to keep back a biting word. She looked very pretty in her old-gold-colored cloche hat and honey-colored hair.

"Would you rather be left alone by us?"

She straightened her spine, as if she was going to rise.

"I'm sorry, Kit," he answered, still in his flute-like whisper. "But we never dodged facts."

"Come!"

She turned to the rack for her oilcoat. From his dark eyes he sent her a weary glance as if to weigh the precise force of this current she had sent through the room.

FROM the hall-door of her house where he left her with a colorless and unprecedented, bleak "good-night" it was but a quarter mile to his digs. He walked with a gentle suavity and easy swing as if he were consciously measuring his steps. Noiselessly he let himself in. He went up to his sitting-room.

"No, Mary, I don't want any supper!" he said cheerfully, and was left to himself.

He sat down on a chair embroidered with some middle-class pattern, his elbow on the green velvet table, his eyes, quiet and luminous, fixed on the murmuring fire in the wide grate.

A half hour passed by and he did not move: the exotic chiaroscuro produced by the glow in the hearth—he had not switched on the light—gleamed a rich olive on his hand and the fine oval of his cheek. At last he raised his head. He looked around the vulgar apartment and at length his eyes rested on a crucifix, a miracle of cheap standardized expressionlessness, standing on a bureau in the corner. He got up, took down the image, placed it on the table beside him, and again sat down. After a while he ran his hand gently over the green plush tablecloth and examined his fingers curiously as they rested there, white and quite efficient-looking. He ran his hand through his hair. He stood up, and looked long at his beautiful, shadowy face in the overmantel. It gave back a dim, rosied reflection, tranquil, almost humorous, a little sardonic. Then, in an intense, weirdly



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drawn out, scarcely audible sibilance, he whispered, "God, have pity!"

Again he remained motionless for a long time, then he suddenly shot out his hand and sent the crucifix spinning in fragments into a far corner of the room.

At that moment he heard a knock at the hall-door and Mary saying: "Yes, Father, he is up in his sitting-room. . . No, there is no one with him."

Softly he pulled over towards the fire a divan chair upholstered in the same accursed green velvet, and fixed it with his gentle, neat hands at the right angle for the big man who now stood in the room fumbling at the switch. In the consequent flood of light you could see the crowding personality of the priest—for once, you would be inclined to say: here is an individuality proportioned to the splendor of the physique. Father Somers, appropriately also, had a deep bass voice. From the lingering look he sent across to Jack Lane it was plain that he loved this young secretary.

"No supper?" he questioned, settling himself in the armchair.

"I had tea in Hewson's with Kitty, Father."

"With Kitty?"

"We had a bit of a row."

"I can't see Kitty in a row."

"It was one-sided, I must admit. But I think she's done with me."

"How is that?"

"I told her I was sick of her standing guard over me."

"And what did she say?"

"That's just it. She said nothing. We said good-bye like mere acquaintances."

JACK Lane took out his case, lit a cigarette, and buried his left hand deep in a trouser-pocket.

He crossed his feet on the fender of imitation beaten iron. He had the appearance of one who by a powerful exertion of his mind is psychically cutting himself off from spiritual contact with the outside world.

"And," went on the young man, in the same soft voice, high, thin, sweet, "I put you in the same boat as her, Father Somers: I said I was sick of your standing guard over me too."

Jack folded his arms and blew an elongated fan of slaty smoke through the white perpendicular fingers of his thin right hand. As the priest said nothing, he continued:

"Father, I'm through."

Still the priest said nothing.

The young fellow's voice took on the suspicion of hysteria. It quavered as he pleaded:

"Go. Will you go, Father, for God's sake?"

No, I have no right to say that to you now."

He went over to the corner of the room and took up a few pieces of the crucifix, came back and showed them to the priest.

"There's what I am now," he said: "I did that."

"What is that?" asked the priest in his splendid bass.

"I smashed it. You remember the crucifix that used to stand in that corner?"

"Boy, you did not do that!"

Jack Lane showed his teeth in a smile. Ordinarily there was something inexpressibly alluring, hypnotic in his smile. It was marred now by evil. The priest rested his big powerful hands on the green rests of his armchair. His mind was engaged with the loveliness of the boy Jack Lane, ten years ago, a quite unaccountable witchery of physical and spiritual loveliness, sunny, a dainty, merry, incarnate innocence. And it had come to this evilly smiling thing. In the curiously concrete mind of the priest he saw in the alcohol that was ruining Jack Lane a vast, mysterious materialization of Satan. It was as if in the mechanical process of distillation at a given moment the Evil One had passed by some awful alchemy into the very substance of the once innocent barley. "O sweet God of mercy, help me to win back to Thee this boy whom I love!"

"How did you come to do a thing like that, my dear boy?" he asked in his rich rumbling bass.

"It was nothing physical," Lane answered. He held out his quiet, capable hand. "You see, Father. I have not touched alcohol now for three weeks. I have prayed all that time. I have overhauled my work and—d—— that factory manager!—I'll have it shipshape for the directors next week if that lout of a manager only keeps from rasping me. And now, when I was just on the point of saying *here's for a fresh start* the whole thing has crushed me down like the end of the world. It began with Kitty. Every evening for the last three weeks she has met me coming out of the office so that I may not go into the club. . ."

"Kitty Sheridan!" murmured the priest: "Mother of God a girl!"

"And the sight of her there without a rifle on her shoulder made me wild. She might as well have it. That's what she is. A sentry. God! Why must I be different from everyone else?"

"If you weren't she wouldn't be doing that for you, Jack."

"It's not as if I drink myself into physical collapse. Other men can go methodically every day in and swill themselves sick, but I. . . Anyway

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the culmination was today. The burden of the thing is too unbelievably dreadful. Father, look at the alternatives. This eternal lonely blank ostracism on the one hand, and on the other... look, just one glass of whisky and the whole of my universe fits smoothly and comfortably into its grooves. I am going out."

"Stop!"

THE priest took up the little bit of white plaster on which was written "I.N.R.I."

"Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jews," he meditated audibly. Somehow his intonation of the title was charged with an undertone of unspoken comment, as though he would say: "Yes, Jesus, a workman like other Nazarenes, but a king by reason of His loving-kindness and bravery!" Then, in his ordinary voice:

"*Sitio*," he said.

"What's that?" asked Jack Lane. He was tense and quivering.

"It means *I Thirst*."

"Oh."

The priest reached over his big strong powerful hands and caught the delicate hands of young Lane. The current of his tremendous personality soothed and warmed the secretary.

"Jack," said the priest in his wonderful tones, "don't attach more importance to what you did to that poor crucifix than you should. Look at yourself now. Your nerves are gone. That was an emotional reaction. It was not a deliberate blasphemy. God help me and you, Jack. You are a Catholic, and you are not a coward... Or are you?"

"Father!"

"I brought my stole with me, Jack." The priest took a stole from his pocket. Abruptly Jack drew back his hand. "Will you make your confession? You will find a new lease of strength." The secretary stood up. "Wait," exclaimed the priest. "Let me put a plain proposition before you."

"What?"

"If," answered the priest, "you find, after listening patiently and willingly to me, that you have got a fresh accession of strength, plain to be felt and seen, will you make your confession to me, Jack?"

THE young fellow remained silent a long while. The ghost of a wrinkle expressed itself on one side of his delicately bowed mouth.

"I will, Father," he said at last.

"We are drawn to stand guard over you because we love you, Jack. Stop. It is the true love. You have your cross. You have good looks, you

are popular, you are accomplished, you are bright and intelligent, you have got on with a minimum of work. I have never said this to you before. I hate saying it now. But the thing is serious. All that came to you from God. And God has given you a cross to bear with all these blessings. He has not barred from you the alcoholic taint. These men you talk of drink for conviviality. You don't. You drink for drink's sake. But they have their cross, too, you know nothing of. We all have. Shoulder it, lad. Be brave. Think of the thirst that made Him cry *Sitio*!"

"He was a God. He could bear it."

"He could bear an infinity of pain. Yes. Love is measured by the pain it will bear for the beloved. Jack, it was an infinitely affectionate Man that gave you your heavy cross. Take it up, boy. Take it up. Whenever you look at a crucifix think that the culmination of the pain on these two cross-beams came in the utterance of the words *sitio*. *Sitio*, it is common medical knowledge, is the sign of approaching death. But here it is something else. Hey, Jack, old man, it is a thirst for you and me, too. It is the same thirst (on an infinitely higher level) as drove Kitty to meet you every evening for the last three weeks. How that girl's love for you—you gave her little encouragement—has shone for you! You're a pretty selfish pig, you know."

"Who asked her?"

"Christ asked her."

"What do you mean?"

"God forgive me for telling you this confidence. Listen now, Jack. Every morning of her sweet young life Kitty offers up her Holy Communion for you. Every afternoon, never, never, never, is there an exception, she offers up a Holy Hour in front of the Tabernacle—for you. Every penny she ever earns on a platform with her violin goes to a Mission—for you! And that, when she could be giving herself plenty of innocent enjoyment, the wonderful little saint! Her life is a life of ever-growing mortification, a life of miraculous reparation—for you! And..."

"Please, Father, no more!"

A refinement, subtle but unmistakable, had come into the young man's face. It was haggard, but it was cleansed, purer. He bent down, elbows on knees, his face in his hands, and the priest could see a glistening of moisture on the fingers.

"Good God, did Kitty do all that?"

"More, more!"

Lane walked over to the corner where lay the fragments of the crucifix and reverentially gathered them up.

"*Sitio*," he murmured, and knelt down.

# Nirvana\*

## *The Tale of the Bishop*

By LAJOS HERSANYI



GREENISH reflection from the silk mozetta (shoulder cape) of the young bishop shone in the silvered glass. A lamp standing on a nearby table gave a subdued light to the room.

His Excellency, a minister of state, because of his fatigue, lay back in his great chair. His face was livid. In contrast, the fresh vigor and comparative youth of the bishop were charming.

"I hear you are going away," said the weary minister.

"Yes!"

"When do you expect to return from Rome?"

"I cannot say. Not for a month at least."

"I suppose you will be received with great ceremony."

"No! The Holy Father prefers simplicity in his private audiences. I will inform him of your indisposition. He certainly will send his benediction to you."

"To me!" smiled the apathetic minister. "Don't bother yourself! You know my principles. I am now an old man and I know what to expect: silence and indifference. Popularity, power of authority, even the charity of the Pope no longer interest me. What have I to look forward to? Nothing."

The bishop smoothed his forehead with his ivory-like hand.

"You are out of humor," he said quietly. "The principles of Buddha are again tormenting you."

"You are right. The principles of Buddha. But as it happens his teachings are true, good, proper. All old men come to them sooner or later."

"You are wrong there," said the bishop vivaciously. "The principles of Buddha are not only unfit but wholly erroneous. Although, of course, I recognize the fact that old people incline toward that point of view. You are not yet, in fact, very old, only run down and blasé. The very old, as a matter of fact, are as sensitive as the strings of a harp."

"Buddha did not teach that!"

"He did not teach it; but he really felt it. He was in error about himself. He talked one thing and felt another."

"How do you make that out?"

The bishop smiled and stretched himself back in his chair.

"I hope I shall not annoy you if I relate to you a rather naive legend—but it is a pertinent one and as ancient as Buddha himself."

"Well! Let's hear it!"

"The wise Buddha thought just the same as you now do. He abandoned all social and earthly interests. All labor, all pleasure, all sorrow. He gave up his family, his children. He said he needed and desired nothing. The only true life was to exist without thought, without feeling."

"Nirvana!"

"Yes, Nirvana! In order to live a perfect life he went into the deserted mountains. There he could carry out his principles—neither think, nor feel."

"Yes!"

"He placed himself up against a great rock and elevated his arms to the sky. He stayed there like a statue. Around him the birds sang, the wild bees hummed, and the flowers bloomed. The creeping liana climbed slowly up his back. His visage became as burnt clay. He made no attempt to eat and would have died had the birds not taken compassion upon him. They flew about him and then descended and perched themselves on his arms and shoulders. When they saw that he yet lived, they brought cherries and strawberries to his lips. The prophet thirstily swallowed the fresh fruit, but he kept his eyes closed as he did not wish to see his benefactors.

"Thus he lived on from month to month and believed that he neither thought nor felt, that he was drowned in a sea of annihilation, in Nirvana."

"In the course of time, the breezes from the east bore to this abandoned region fresh odors, and the springtime came with its joyous music. The odor of the flowers became like incense, and the arriving storks and swallows descended to his rocky resting place. Flocks of swallows of ten circled around the head of the sage. Finally they suddenly came to rest on his elevated arms and began to build their nest out of mud and feathers in the palm of his hand. The prophet could not help but feel a bit of discomfort at this proceeding. But he thought to himself: 'Why bother myself

\*Translated from L'IDISTO KATOLIKA by H. L. Dyer.

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about this! I neither think nor feel. I do not even have to look at them. Let them do what they will!"

"And the nest was finished. So from this time forth the swallows lodged in the hand of the prophet. When summer time came, the nest was filled with small young birds, their mouths wide agape when the parents arrived home with something for them to eat. Then came the time for the young to leave their nest. It was an occasion of great excitement. There were many loud cries of joy as they flew about the head of the prophet.

"But soon the flowers began to fade and the birds began to feel the cold breath of autumn. So up they went into the air and sorrowfully bid adieu to the prophet to whom they were thankful, and departed on their way southward.

"Then came the winter. Among the mountainous rocks whistled the cold winds, making the trees sing in frosty chorus.

"But in season the winter passed away and again the vegetation grew and blossomed. The liana again grew green on the back of the prophet and the sun shone warmly on the rocks. The first

stork arrived flying through the blue sky. Back of it were other birds in flocks. Again the landscape was with verdure and the air was filled with music of the birds.

"But the swallows of the prophet came not! Far away on some wide sea, the fatigued birds had fallen to their doom. Yet in the mountains, life was again serene. Everything seemed filled with joy, laughter and life. What did the loss of a couple of swallows amount to! But the prophet became paler than ever.

" 'They come not back!' he thought sadly and in his heart was a great sorrow. Still he waited. When he saw that all hope was vain, then he moved himself for the first time. He lifted his head to his elevated hand where remained the empty nest. Then he knelt down and burst into tears. The prophet of 'Nirvana,' who wished not to think nor feel, now cried dolorously, like a child—for the loss of the swallow!"

The bishop suddenly finished the tale and sat smilingly regarding his immobile old friend whose eyes shone like those of a child listening joyously to some fairy story.

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## The Garden

P. J. O'CONNOR DUFFY

THE child loved flowers, and grew many kinds of them in a little garden set apart.

Within that place of beauty were spent some of the happiest hours of a childhood; and then, suddenly, it seemed, childhood had gone, and a lover, of flowers was passing through the gates that open on what men call the world.

It was a grey world, a little confusing, and not so lovely as a child had dreamed.

But the youth found amid the greyness and confusion many flowers that he knew, and others that were beautiful, though strange to him.

And having sweet memories of the little garden—fragrance of the blossoms he had loved blew down the world-roads after him—he made for himself by-and-by another little garden-place, even amid the stony ways of the world, where happiness and peace were to be found when the work of

each day was done.

He grew wise in knowledge of flowers, and loved them more and more.

He perfected blooms as rare as they were lovely, but sought not any reward save their companionship and beauty.

Gifts of blossoms went from his garden to brighten homes of poverty, to cheer sorrowful hearts, to breathe forth incense at the door of a tabernacle.

So, tending his flowers, he grew old happily.

Each day, his duty; each evening, his friends: the fine, fair fruitage of a child's garden was, at the last, the abiding contentment of an old and a good man.

Let some gentle poet make, therefore, a verse in praise of that one who had at the beginning set for a child a little garden apart. . . .



# Our Shakespeare

## *The Fruitage of a Catholic Past*

By STANLEY B. JAMES



HE destruction of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon has been speedily followed by the discussion of plans for its rebuilding, an undertaking which, it is calculated, will cost \$500,000.

There is little doubt that this sum will be raised. And it will be a more fitting monument to the genius of the great Elizabethan poet than was the building recently burned down unless all the criticism of that building has been wasted. Money has already commenced to pour in, and no small proportion of it is American money, for Americans rightly hold that the bard belongs to all English-speaking peoples and, as the event proves, they are willing to pay for the privilege of a proprietary share in the honor of his genius. That he who did so much for the speech which unites the two nations should receive sacrificial tribute from both sides of the Atlantic is only fitting.

Yet the claim which the English-speaking world as such has upon Shakespeare is small compared with that which might be put forward by Catholics. He is emphatically *our* poet. If it was the mother tongue of England which gave him his vocabulary it was the Church which was the matrix of his mind. The pigments he used may have been national but the temper of his imagination was Catholic.

This is a different thing from saying that Shakespeare himself was loyal to the Old Religion as were so many of his friends and relatives. The question has been much discussed but without any very definite result. That, however, is not the point. It is possible that he may have acquiesced in the religious changes of the sixteenth century. What is certain, what can be ascertained by any reader of his plays is that, as an artist, in his capacity as a dramatist, Shakespeare owes his characteristic fertility of imagination and his universal outlook to what had been for centuries the dominant formative influence of his nation.

He was not a Catholic in the sense in which Dante was a Catholic. He did not find his themes in the theology and history of the Church. It is the temper of his mind that betrays his heritage. There is nothing impossible in the idea that while outwardly conforming to the "reformed" religion

he should have written as one whose whole being was steeped in the traditions of the past. Such conformity would have been, we may safely say, but an outward thing unconnected with his essential self.

I SPOKE just now of finding evidence of his Catholicity in his plays, but even apart from that may we not argue that, in the very nature of the case, the poet must have owed far more to his long Catholic ancestry than to his immediate environment? It is a mistake to think that Elizabethan England was able to cut at once the umbilical cord which bound it to its past and that the legal changes which took place were the outward and visible sign of a true spiritual conversion to the new order of things. After all, it was only a few years which separated the birth of the poet from the cessation of ancient Catholic practices. Thirty years before he appeared in the world pilgrims were still riding to Canterbury as they had done in Chaucer's day. Those practices died more slowly in a provincial place like Stratford than in the great centres of population which came more immediately under the influence of the Court. "It is probable," says Mr. Frank Mathew in his *An Image of Shakespeare*, "that Stratford, like many other country places, remained Catholic for several years after Queen Elizabeth ceased to profess that Religion in 1558." As a matter of fact, the vestments kept in Holy Trinity Church, Stratford, were not destroyed till 1571. It is not difficult, even before scrutinizing the dramatist's work, to anticipate what must have been the effect on his mind of a tradition which thus reached down to his own day.

"Shakespeare's plays," wrote Froude in his *History of England* "were as much the offspring of the long generations who had pioneered his road for him as the discoveries of Newton were the offspring of those of Copernicus." Carlyle is more explicit. In his *Lectures on Heroes* he wrote: "In some sense it may be said that this glorious Elizabethan era with its Shakespeare, as the outcome and flowerage of all which had preceded it, is itself attributable to the Catholicism of the Middle Ages. The Christian Faith, which was the theme of Dante's song, had produced the Practical Age which Shakespeare was to sing. For Religion

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then, as it now and always is, was the soul of Practice, the primary vital fact in men's life. And remark here, as rather curious, that Middle Age Catholicism was abolished so far as Acts of Parliament could abolish it, before Shakespeare, the noblest product of it, had made his appearance."

NO one will accuse Carlyle of a bias in favor of the Church and no one will deny his genuine admiration of our poet, yet here he plainly declares that the literary hero of the English-speaking world was the outcome and flowerage of his Catholic past. Are we sufficiently proud of our poet? Have we voiced our claims to him as forcefully as we might?

When we turn to the plays themselves our *a priori* anticipations are confirmed.

When critics speak of Shakespeare's universal genius they seem to imply that this was one of those characteristics for which there is no accounting, that it was an individual endowment as unexplainable as genius itself. But how is it that this provincial youth without learning or wide experience of the world is able to put the whole of humanity on his stage? There is only one way of accounting for it. Mathew Arnold has somewhere said that the crowd which Shakespeare created is comparable to nothing else but the pell-mell of men and women in the Catholic Church. That helps us to understand the matter. It gives us the school of universal humanity in which the Stratford boy learned the elements of his art. It enables us to understand how it was that the sectarianism and nationalism of his time failed to limit his outlook. The Mother in whose shadow he had been brought up counted among her children those of all types. Every little village church under her patronage was a microcosm of the mighty world outside, the world of sorrowing, rejoicing, contriving and aspiring humanity. The most ignorant serf under her tutelage had that indefinable culture which the Catholic Church gives the humblest of her children, a culture of the heart which makes them citizens of that City of God in which are neither bond nor free, Greek nor Jew. If we see no connection between the discipline and freedom of that divine institution and the universal outlook apparent in the Elizabethan poet it can only be because we are ignorant either of it or of him or of both.

It is not only the universality of the dramatist's world of men and women which bears testimony to this Catholic influence, but—if I may attempt to put it in a phrase—their warm humanity. They are not puppets. They do not represent abstract virtues and vices. They are real

men and women. Those of us who know the Church will recognize this trait. We know how she humanizes ourselves. We realize how perfectly she is adapted to human nature as it is. Artificial theories have no place in her scheme of things. She legislates for actual flesh and blood and not for the imaginary creations of doctrinaire idealists or the spiteful caricatures of cynics. Even if, for the sake of argument, we set on one side her supernatural claims we might still find, in the fact that she had brought up so many generations, a valid presumption that she would be found possessed of that maternal understanding of the human heart which we associate with the mothers of large families. It is just that kind of wisdom that we find in Shakespeare's plays. He seems to have watched the doings of his fellows as a mother watches, sympathetically observant of both their follies and their more loveable qualities, the playing of her children.

I find in the dramatist's treatment even of religion something which points in the same direction, something which reminds me of the way in which all Catholics take their religion. His very silence sometimes is suggestive. He takes so much for granted. The Faith and its institutions are so much a part of his imaginary world that he has no more need to call attention to them than to the everyday appearances of nature. Unlike the sectarian who must needs bawl his doctrines in your ear and raise acrimonious controversy at every point, Shakespeare lives in a world of settled religious habits where priests and friars, Masses for the dead and penance for the living are familiar features of life's routine.

BUT, indeed, the task of analyzing the Catholic elements in this marvellous achievement of genius is endless. It is not too much to say that the plays are soaked in the spirit of that Old Religion in which, for generations, his forebears had lived and died. As Carlyle said, "This glorious Elizabethan era... is itself attributable to the Catholicism of the Middle Ages." And what a cause for pride and hope is here! Of hope particularly. Once it is recognized that Shakespeare is something more than the product of English soil, that his roots go down into the deepest strata of Christendom and that his genius is "the outcome and fruitage" of centuries of Catholic training we may expect a different valuation of the intellectual and artistic effects of the Faith from that which too often has prevailed in the past.

Somehow we never feel quite satisfied when we get even with an enemy.—*Philander*.

# Archconfraternity Comment

*(Intention of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion for July, 1926)*



HE Intention for July is "The Passionist Chapter." This Chapter or meeting of the Superiors of the Passionists in the Eastern Province of the United States is of supreme importance to us and hence the members of the Archconfraternity are urged to pray earnestly that God will especially bless the deliberations of the chapter.

## OUR BOOKLET

All that we can say about the booklet for the present is that we are far more disappointed about its delay than are our readers. A severe illness, however, has made the work impossible of accomplishment during the past few months, and we do despair of being able to publish it until after the summer. As remarked before, however, all those who have sent for the booklet have had their names listed and will receive their copy as soon as it is ready. We again solicit letters from those who are interested in this "Lay Apostolate" movement, telling us what they think of such a work, their experiences if they have had any, in trying to bring converts into the Church, and in fact anything that might be of help to us or our readers in our labor of bringing souls to Christ Crucified. We hope to publish some of these letters in THE SIGN in the near future.

## THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

Our Intention for June was "The Eucharistic Congress;" and we had the special idea behind that Intention of praying that souls about us might be drawn into the Church by the thought of the God Who dwells among us Catholics just as He dwelt among their forefathers before the break from the Church. How far many of our American Christians have gone from the Faith and how little they know or care about the Church of their

forefathers was illustrated for me a few days ago while riding in a train of the Long Island Railroad.

There were two gentlemen sitting behind me. From their conversation they seemed well informed on most of the topics of the day. But after a while, one of them began to speak about the Eucharistic Congress. The colloquy follows exactly as I heard it:

"I see," said one, "that they are painting red the cars that those cardinals are going to ride on."

"Yeh?"

"Yes. Can't understand why. Papal colors, I guess."

"Suppose so."

"You know, they are going to that Congress out in Chicago,—"Celestial," I think they call it, or "Eucalyptic," or something like that."

"Yeh?"

"Yes. Funny, too, how this fellow with a name like Bonanza comes from Ireland, isn't it?"

"Yeh"———I see that Ruth etc.

Another non-Catholic was commenting on the superb railway coaches of the Cardinals. "Christ" he said, "rode on an ass." "Very true," someone replied, "our Divine Savior was also born in a stable, but we would think little of our love for Him, if we should receive Him in a stable today or make Him ride on an ass, were He to come to earth. And for us Catholics these Cardinals are simply His representatives and we treat them in some manner as we would like to treat Him Whom they represent and Who by the way is the Great Center of all this Eucharistic Congress.

"Take Him under the form of that little round piece of bread away from the Eucharistic Congress and all the Cardinals and all the pomp and ceremony would be empty nothings."

Let us still pray that those outside the Faith in America may come a little closer to Him Who has favored our country with such a blessing as our Eucharistic Congress.

## THE ARCHCONFRATERNITY OF THE SACRED PASSION

The Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion has been generously enriched with indulgences for the living and the dead. The only essential condition for membership is to have one's name registered. There are three degrees of membership. FIRST DEGREE Members make daily Five Offerings of the Precious Blood in honor of the Five Wounds of Christ. SECOND DEGREE Members make the Stations of the Cross once a week, besides saying the prayers of the First Degree. THIRD DEGREE Members make five to ten minutes Meditation daily on the Passion besides saying the prayers of the First and Second Degrees. The SPIRITUAL ACTIVITY of the Archconfraternity consists in a CRUSADE OF PRAYERS and GOOD WORKS for missionary work at home and in China. Membership will increase your personal devotion to Christ Crucified. Send your name for enrollment to THE SIGN, Union City, N. J.

# The APPEAL of JESUS CRUCIFIED

## THE CROSS AND THE SADNESS OF LIFE

(Continued from the June issue)

**N**OT only did the thought of Christ on His Cross keep the Saints at peace amidst their most terrible sufferings, but it made them at times even joke about their torments. St. Lawrence, while being roasted on a gridiron, called out to his torturers that as he was done on one side, they might have the good sense to turn him over. St. James, we are told, was led at one time, before a tyrant of Jerusalem after all kinds of torments had been used to make him give up the Faith. "Old Man," roared the tyrant, "I'll tear your liver out." "Well," said St. James with a smile, "that will be nice. The old thing has been giving me a lot of trouble where it is now, anyway." And it is this same thought of Christ Crucified that makes the old Irish woman of today say, "Glory be to God, Father, my rheumatism is much worse this morning."

Of course most of us cannot joke amidst our sufferings. God knows that! But, all of us can learn to bear our sufferings, whatever they may be, with peace and even with a kind of joy.

Some time ago I had occasion to visit a young lady who had been confined to her bed since childhood. For twenty years she and her old mother had been trying to keep a roof over their heads. The mother was then becoming blind. Yet both these women, all during my visit, did nothing but smile.

In Scranton some time ago, a certain miner was so badly injured by an explosion that practically all of his face was burned away. The nurse

who had him in charge tried to ease his pain in many ways. But one day the dying man said to her.—"Oh, don't bother about me. I am not unhappy. I want just to lie here and suffer something for our Lord. You know, He suffered so much for me." The nurse, who was a non-Catholic, was so touched by the man's spirit of faith that she herself became a Catholic and a nun.

These are only a few instances of today to show that the spirit of old still lives in Christian hearts and that this spirit can, and should live in our hearts. All that one needs is a mind that can think of Christ Crucified and a heart that can love Him.

We have seen, then, how the thought of our Lord in His Passion can save us from so much of the sorrow that may be brought into our lives by sin and suffering. But does it actually do so? Does it save you and me from the sadness caused by sin? If not, it is because we do not think of Jesus Crucified. We shut Him out of our sight and hurry

on to sin and the sorrow that inevitably follows. Does that thought again save us from the remorse and despair that follow upon sin? If not, it is because once more we forget the figure of the Crucified. We forget Him with His arms outstretched upon the Cross, pleading for us to return to Him, no matter what we may have done against Him. We shut our hearts against Him Who is begging us only not to make all His sufferings for us in vain. And we keep them heavy with sadness and bitterness.

Finally, does that thought save us from the sadness that comes with suffering? How often on entering a sick room the priest is met with such

### NOTE

*LAST month we saw here how the thought of Christ Crucified can save us from the sadness that might be brought into our lives by sin. In this article we shall try to show how the same thought can save us from the sadness that comes with suffering.*

*We would appreciate letters from our readers telling us just how the thought of our Lord's sufferings helps them in the practical affairs of life.*

*With the August issue we shall begin a fresh series on the Sacred Passion in which our Lord's attitude towards suffering will be contrasted with our own attitude.*



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complaints as—"Oh Father! Why does God punish me like this? What have I ever done that God should make me suffer like this?" And yet, if the old spirit of faith was there the question would be rather—"Oh Father! Why does God honor me like this? What have I ever done that God should make me like to His own Divine Son Who was the Man of Sorrows, and His Blessed Mother, who was the Mother of Sorrows?"

Why is it that thoughts such as these do not come to us amidst our sufferings? It is because we forget the old favorite thought of God.

Suppose we had stood in the streets of Jerusalem on that first Good Friday while Christ was passing with His cross. Do you think we would have thought that God was punishing us if He had asked us to help in carrying the Cross of His Divine Son? Would we not have considered it a wonderful privilege to do what Simon of Cyrene did? Why, then, do we think that God is punishing us, or angry with us if He asks us to carry the cross today? We know from our Lord's own words that by bearing our sufferings in this twentieth century we are helping Him just as did Simon of old.

We all have these crosses of one kind or another. When they come to us, do we see our Blessed Lord with them and try to carry them with Him or do we see only the cross and try to get rid of it? Let us picture some very ordinary crosses by way of illustration.

Suppose, first of all, the case of a young man who is not making much money. He knows that in all probability he never will get any large salary, because he is quite untalented. He is finding it difficult to live decently and feels that he cannot ask the girl he loves to marry him. One day an opportunity presents itself to steal a good sum of money. There is little or no chance of detection. Will he try to carry his cross of poverty with His Divine Master or will he take the money and throw away the cross?

Again let us take the case of a young woman who also is quite poor with no prospects of her lot becoming brighter. She is alone in the world and seems unable to find a young man who will love her and marry her. But there are plenty of men who will pay her well and give her a "good time." Will she carry her cross of poverty and loneliness or will she turn her back upon it?

Picture a woman who has a brutal, worthless husband. She meets another man who really loves her and will take care of herself and her children. It will be quite simple for her to obtain a divorce. But her Faith tells her that although she may live apart from her husband, she may not marry again

until after his death. Will she stay with Christ Crucified or leave Him?

And now a case that is very common today, that of a husband and wife with three or four children, who are being brought up in poverty. The mother is sickly, the father sees no opportunity to better their condition. If they have any more children, it may mean the life of the mother, and certainly will mean more stringent poverty. Society says to the husband and wife, "O, you can have the pleasures of married life without the responsibilities." Their Faith says, "You may have these pleasures, but only when the sacred purpose for which God intended them is not directly made impossible of fulfilment." Will they try to "carry on" with Him Who never will fail them, or will they leave Him and the peace that He alone can bring into their home?

Finally, picture a mother who has an only child, whom she loves more than her own life. God takes the child from her. Will she try to bear that awful cross, and even through her tears try to smile up at God Who is keeping her baby for her, or will she rebel against Him?

THESE are but a few ordinary instances of carrying the Cross with Christ. And we must remember that it is not only in such important actions these that we are called on to prove our loyalty to Jesus. Every day of our lives sees opportunities given to us to show our love for Him in even the smallest details of daily hum-drum existence: the mother with her children; the father at his work; in sickness, in loneliness, in disappointments, in misunderstandings by our friends.

Ah, here is where so many of us fail. We think we love our Lord even enough to die gladly for Him. Yet we cannot bear the daily little crosses of life for love of Him. We are like the young religious, who, one night in a dream saw Christ carrying His Cross to Calvary. "O Lord," he cried out, "please let me help you carry Your Cross." Jesus looked at him sadly and replied: "How can you help me to carry this heavy Cross when you cannot bear with Me the tiny crosses that I send to you daily."

Constantine of old saw in the darkened heavens a shining Cross, and 'round it the words, "*In hoc signo vinces*"—"In this Sign thou shalt conquer." If only we would look up amid all the darkness and sadness of life for that same Sign we too would find that we would conquer the darkness and sadness of our lives with the thought and the love of Jesus Crucified, and not only conquer them but consecrate them.

# OUR JUNIOR READERS



## In the Woods

H. A. M.

I SLIPPED away into the woods to-day for a call on Mother Earth and her daughters, the Trees. As I left the main highway, I felt a bit fearful at intruding. You see, I had a request to make, and I did not know if it would meet with Mother Earth's approval. I wanted to paint a picture of her daughters! My fears soon vanished when I made known my purpose.

How graciously Mother Earth received me! How wonderfully bright her face became as she beamed forth her warm, radiant smile! After a while two Aunts, North Wind and South Wind, arrived unexpectedly and joined our group with much commotion and flutter. The daughters danced to and fro in welcome, waving their arms and affectionately embracing their Aunts. Glee-fully they told their Aunts of my intention, while the ladies puffed and blew, so out of breath were they from their trip.

Old Aunt North Wind thought unfavorably of the project and did not hesitate to show a cold shoulder. For a moment the atmosphere was icy. Mother Earth's smile disappeared and she frowned at her Sister. At this most awkward moment, when clouds were blackest, dear, gentle South Wind, with her balmy air, saved the situation. We compromised! The opportunity to paint a sister-group would be mine, but I was asked to wait until the daughters put on their best frocks. It seemed as if I had blundered in and caught them in too early attire, to quote Aunt North Wind, though, personally, I thought their youthful morning dresses, fashioned so tastefully of softest greens by Cousin April, very charming, indeed. Aunt North Wind, dear precise soul, desired more appropriate array.

She said she was too old-fashioned to take on modern ways. She simply had no patience with the prevailing mode of the exposure of the limbs. I truly believe that Aunt North Wind's bark is

worse than her bite. I surmise the poor old Aunt, denied admiration herself, is nevertheless unduly proud of her Sister Earth's riches and wants to impress everyone by showing off her Nieces in their flowered dresses with trailing moss sashes, posies tucked away in their splendid coiffures and being serenaded by their gaily groomed admirers, the Birds. Aunt North Wind was never wooed and wed, you know. It was whispered about that years ago she frightened away all the young eligibles with her sharp tongue and cold demeanor. So rumor has it! Accordingly she is very determined that her Nieces do not fall into the error of her ways. Maiden aunts are very often like this.

With eagerness I await the promised sitting. But I do hope Aunt North Wind is detained at her home when the time arrives. Else she will attempt to dominate the group again, much to Mother Earth's confusion and my dismay.

## Our Little Missionaries

DEAR Juniors:—When you read about the sad plight of children in pagan lands, their poverty, hunger and general wretchedness, you are reminded by comparison how bountiful God has been to you. And when you read how readily those among them who are fortunate enough to come under the care of the Missionaries and Sisters understand their faith and practice their religion, you may well wonder whether you yourselves are daily growing strong in virtue as befits those whom God has so singularly favored.

Take honesty for example. Have you a reputation for being honest? Would people single you out as a Catholic boy or girl because you have shown yourself to be truthful and honest even when a lie seemed, for a moment, to be the easier way out of trouble?

I find it reckoned that eight out of ten children have a tendency to tell lies. I should like to believe that this does not include Catholic boys and girls.

Of course, the chief reason why we should avoid

## THE † SIGN

lying is because it is forbidden by the eighth commandment.

But there is something in our very nature that warns us that a lie is an abominable thing. You know this very well if you were ever caught in a lie. Thus some people, when so caught, keep on lying in a desperate effort to save their reputations. Hence we are reminded that, while the first lie is bad enough, there are sometimes fifty others told in order to make the first one good.

It pays to tell the truth when we have done wrong and are threatened with punishment. Most of the time a humble confession will win forgiveness for us. Anyway, it is better to take the punishment and have it over than to be left with a bad conscience. God stands by and we cannot deceive Him.

When tempted to lie, either be silent or bravely tell the truth.

DADDY SEN FU  
THE SIGN, Union City, N. J.

### Father Pise, Priest and Patriot

IT is now nearly a century since this letter was issued from the office of the Secretary of State in Washington:

"Sir: Agreeably to the order of the day, the Senate proceeded to the election of a chaplain to Congress on their part for the present session, and on counting the ballots it appeared that you were duly elected."

This letter was addressed to the Rev. Charles Constantine Pise, the only Catholic priest who was ever Chaplain to the United States Congress. His learning, charm and culture made him the intimate friend of Henry Clay and of other distinguished men of that time.

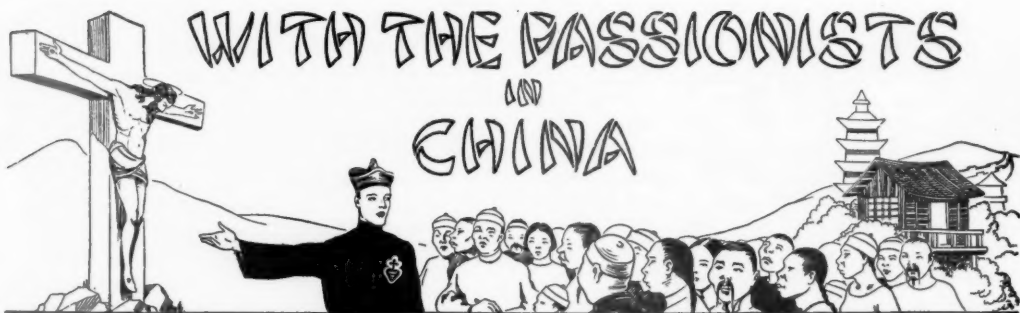
This year marks the sixtieth anniversary of his death, and his memory is being recalled as a noted scholar, author and laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. He served at the Cathedral in Baltimore and at St. Patrick's in Washington; he was pastor of St. Peter's in Barclay Street, New York City, and died as pastor of St. Charles' Church in Brooklyn.

Thus he lived to see his fellow Catholics calumniated as enemies of the country and as plotters against the Government during the Know-Nothing excitement just before the Civil War. These fanatics were the forerunners of the modern Ku Klux Klan. During that excitement he happened to be walking along Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington and the sight of Old Glory waving over the Capitol dome inspired him with the thoughts which he put into "The American Flag,"

a poem which, it has been suggested, should be familiar to every student of our Catholic institutions:

### THE AMERICAN FLAG

They say I do not love thee,  
Flag of my native land:  
Whose meteor folds above me,  
To the free breeze expand;  
Thy broad stripes proudly streaming,  
And thy stars so brightly gleaming.  
They say I would forsake thee,  
Should some dark crisis lower;  
That, recreant, I should make thee  
Crouch to a foreign power;  
Seduced by license ample,  
On thee, best flag, to trample.  
They say that bolts of thunder,  
Cast in the forge of Rome,  
May rise and bring thee under,  
Flag of my native home,  
And with one blow dis sever  
My heart from thee forever.  
False are the words they utter,  
Ungenerous their brand;  
And rash the oaths they mutter,  
Flag of my native land;  
Whilst still, in hope above me,  
Thou wavest—and I love thee!  
God is my love's first duty,  
To whose eternal name  
Be praise for all thy beauty,  
Thy grandeur and thy fame;  
But ever have I reckoned  
Thine, native flag, my second.  
Woe to the foe or stranger,  
Whose sacrilegious hand  
Would touch thee or endanger  
Flag of my native land.  
Though some would fain discard thee  
Mine should be raised to guard thee.  
Then wave, thou first of banners,  
And in thy gentle shade,  
Beliefs, opinions, manners,  
Promiscuously be laid;  
And there, all discord ended,  
Our hearts and souls be blended.  
Stream on, stream on before us,  
Thou labarum of light,  
While in one generous chorus  
Our vows to thee we plight;  
Unfaithful to thee—never!  
My native land forever!



# WITH THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA

## A Chinese Bride - - - The Mission at Chenki - - - Wintry Weather in China - - - Gemma's League

A Chinese Bride  
FATHER BASIL, C. P.

**M**ORE than three years ago Brother Lambert Budde, C. P., began to build a church and house here in Sin Si Pin. Only now is it nearing completion. The little church was to have been one of the thousand dollar chapels, but owing to lack of materials and the long drawn out delay in supplying necessities for the building, the structure has soared above the original mark. The church is built with what the Chinese call four-ply brick; so called from the fact that the walls are four times the width of the brick used. Owing to the shortage of these bricks, I must alter the plans a bit. Were I to make a contract for them I would have to wait at least five months. It has been standing over too long now in its unfinished state.

At present I am saying Mass in a Chinese house; dried mud for the floor. Just above the altar is the place of the shrine where formerly the pagan occupants worshiped their idols. Owing to the poverty of the place I cannot reserve the Blessed Sacrament. When the new church is

finished I shall have that privilege and happiness.

Sin Si Pin was opened as a station about ten years ago. At this time there are more than sixty baptized Christians, and almost all the inhabitants have forsaken their idols. The total population is about one hundred and twenty five. To instruct them all fully and to make them all model Christians will take some little time. The village of Sin Si Pin by Chinese reckoning is very young. A hundred and fifty years ago a man and his wife settled here and became the founders of this little community. Every male resident, with the exception of my boy and my cook, claims direct descent from the illustrious founder. In China every village and hamlet grows in proportion to the number of male children. When a boy marries, he makes his home with his parents, which means of course that the girl must leave her home and in future live with her husband's parents.

Chinese marriage customs, judged by American standards, are strange and curious. As soon as a child is born, its parents are at once on the look-out for a suitable future partner. Usually

Those who ship goods by FREIGHT to the Fathers or Sisters in Hunan should observe the following rules:

(1) The case should be carefully and legibly addressed to the individual for whom it is intended, IN CARE OF THE FATHER PROCURATOR, C. P., PASSIONIST MISSION, JARDIN ESTATE, HANKOW, HUPEH, CHINA.

The Reverend Procurator will see to it that the proper party receives it.

(2) It is most important that the BILL OF LADING be sent to the Reverend Father Procurator at the above address. If possible also send the INVOICE.

Failure to comply with these rules will lead, in many cases, to the loss of goods or undue delay. The failure to observe them in the past has involved loss of money and an ever greater loss of time.

(Rev.) CELESTINE RODDAN, C. P.  
Procurator,  
Jardin Estate, Hankow, Hupeh, China.

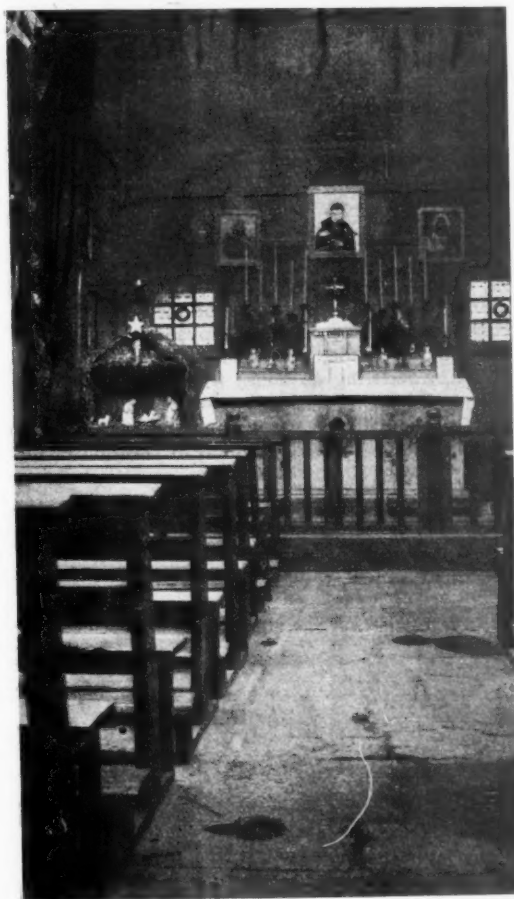
REMEMBER MISSIONARIES AND CHINESE MISSIONS HAVE NO VACATION LIKE YOURS.



## THOUGHTFUL KINDNESS INCLUDES THE POOR AND SICK AND HOMELESS IN CHINA



Exterior and interior views of parts of Father Raphael Vance's Mission at Paotsing, Hunan, China. This Mission was totally destroyed by fire on May 10th, 1926 and represents a loss of \$10,000.00.



the choice is made definitely when the child has reached its third year. On coming to age, the son or daughter of a Chinese household has little or nothing to say in the affair of impending nuptials. I have not heard of a single case in which a child refused to marry the parents' choice. It not infrequently happens that the interested parties to the marriage contract do not meet until the day of the wedding. Nor is it a rare occurrence for the groom not to have seen the face of the bride until after the marriage ceremony.

The Chinese marry young. Custom permits marriage as early as fourteen or fifteen years of age. The parents of the contracting parties who make all other arrangements likewise determine the age at which their children must wed. The missionary sometimes has trouble when parents have fixed a date for the ceremony and it is foreseen that the boy or the girl will not have reached the canonical age. A few months ago two baptized Christians who lived in a neighboring village wanted to get married. One was under age. They heard it said that the priest would not marry them because they were too young. This did not daunt them. They lit two candles, and kneeling down before these sure tokens of their loyalty to the Christian faith, they plighted their mutual troth for better or for worse. One of the missionaries later went in search of them, and brought the couple to the Mission. When the required age was reached they were happily married.

What would American young men and women say if they were told that they had nothing to do with their approaching wedding! But so it is in China. The interested parties have the least to do with the preparations. To communicate by letter would be very poor Chinese etiquette. Neither must they appear to be anxious about the marriage. To refuse to carry out the contract is to incur the severe displeasure of parents. When such contracts are broken, as sometimes happens, law-suits between the families frequently occur.

As the day of the marriage draws near, the parents of the young man send money to the relatives of the prospective bride to pay for a feast to which all the girl's near of kin are invited. The festivities begin the day before the bride is to leave her home. All that day and on the following morning the women gather together and vociferously mourn with the bride over the sad fact that she must leave home. I was present recently at one of these wailing carnivals in a village called Lee Jah Wan. During my visit I heard the women life up their voices and weep. No banshee ever made more doleful whine upon the wind. Listening to their shrill laments I could distinguish their disjointed

TRY TO BE CHRIST'S APOSTLE. SPREAD YOUR FAITH BY WORD AND EXAMPLE

LET NOT SUMMER PASS WITHOUT DOING SOMETHING FOR THE CHINESE MISSIONS

jargon: "Oh, would that it wouldn't happen! It is sad for your poor mother; it is sad for your poor father. It is sad for your elder brother. It is sad for your younger brother." And so on down through the long line of relatives. When the catalogue was exhausted, the same dolorous performance was gone through with monotonous pertinacity.

During this lacrimose festival the happy bride was seated tailor fashion on her bed while encircling her were her female relatives. All in turn took up the refrain and chanted their melancholic variations upon it. To the ear alone it must have seemed such disconsolate tones could emanate only from breasts stricken with genuine grief; yet strange to say the eye could not find the slightest trace of sorrow. What was my surprise to find that all—mourners and mourned—were laughing and weeping at the same time. They were happy that the marriage was to take place, but "face" demanded that they weep for the bride.

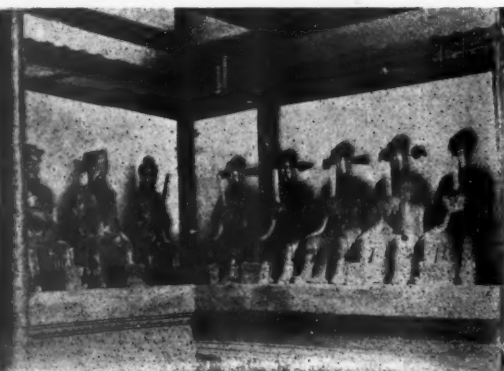
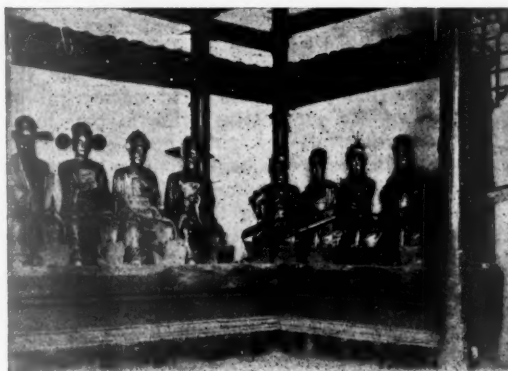
Outside of the house were all kinds of boxes, chests, tables, and chairs. To my inquiry as to what these were for, my boy answered that the groom's parents sent them the day before and that they would be solemnly carried in procession with the bride when, after the marriage, she would be escorted in state to her new home. For the moment they serve as the youth's presents to his future wife. They give much "face" to himself and to his fiancée, but all the world knows and none better than the blushing recipient of these gifts that they are destined to be returned from whence they came to do service for the entire household. The presents follow the bride who is carried in a traveling chair. This is gaily bedecked with multicolored paper and scarlet silk or cloth.

The wedding I happened to attend was not as



THE GOD BUDDHA IN JE-IN HALL

well ordered as it might have been. For greater show and "face" four men were sent to carry me in a jowtsi, or cooped chair. On our return journey we fell in line with the men carrying the cumbersome gifts. I found myself usurping the place of the bride. As we hurried along, people stared, wondering no doubt what kind of a bride that could be who dared to approach her husband's roof with not so much as a red rag floating in the wind. When I alighted at the house, the



DEIFIED DISCIPLES OF BUDDHA IN A PAGAN TEMPLE

TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT THE MISSIONS AND GET MORE FRIENDS FOR THEM



REV. GODFREY HOLBEIN, C. P. LOOKS OVER THE SITUATION.

crowd of on-lookers enjoyed a real good hearty laugh, for a bride with a beard was worth going many miles to see.

### The Mission at Chenki

FATHER ARTHUR BENSON, C. P.

**D**URING the past half year, there has been no warfare worthy of notice in the neighborhood of Chenki. Rice of course is scarce and the price steadily advancing. Each day, men, women, and children gather in front of the Mission and beg piteously for rice. Hundreds of them would become Catholics, if we fed them during their course in doctrine, but the sad part is that few of these "rice Christians" would be seen in church after the famine. Infants are abandoned, as usual, but fortunately the greater number of them steal into heaven. At the present time, many destitute parents of boys and girls up to fourteen years of age offer them to the Mission, preferring to give them away rather than see them suffer from hunger.

The thought of how the people will be able to live, to procure rice in the next few months makes

one feel uneasy. Unless large shipments are made from other parts of the province, nothing can be done to relieve the misery. Should there be another drought this year, we shall experience a calamity beyond all description. Daring and reckless thieves are increasing daily. A stranger, who had been assaulted by five men, came to the Mission and requested medicine and treatment. The men took his money, clothes, and ring. As the ring fitted so tightly on the finger, and could not be quickly removed, they cut off his finger. Every day and night, criers go through the streets in search of lost articles, but until the famine they were seldom heard. One just passed the Mission. Using a paper lantern to find the way through the dark narrow streets, they stop every twenty or thirty feet and strike a gong and then shout out: "Mr. Wang has lost a pig; if you have it, you will receive a dollar!"

On January 1st, greetings from all classes of society were in order. The Chinese New Year surpasses all other holidays in importance, and hence the people regard our New Year in the same way. Magistrates, members of the City Council, military officers, merchants, and all the prominent citizens sent their cards to the Mission as an expression of their good wishes, and in turn the priest's card is taken to each of them to manifest his appreciation and to thank them for their greetings.

Early on New Year's morning I was awakened by loud talking at the Mission gate. This is more or less of a common disturbance and we are accustomed to it. Unless extraordinary, we seldom pay attention to it. However, my Guardian Angel must have prompted me to get up and see what all the trouble was about. I resolved to investigate, expecting to listen to some family quarrel or a noisy gathering around some superstition; but I was startled to behold my room filled with a bright red glare. Less than two hundred feet from the Mission, fifteen houses were in flames. In a few minutes I was ready to flee, having first removed the Blessed Sacrament, and then bundled together a pack of extra clothing. Thanks to the protection of God, the Mission was not damaged. For hours the soldiers and the men helped the people of Chenki to fight the fire. The "bucket brigade" did noble work that morning, but it was due mostly to the razing of adjoining houses that the fire was checked. Considering the inadequate means at hand to protect property from fires, it was indeed surprising they saved anything. If a strong wind has been blowing the whole city would have been destroyed.

My alarm during the fire was exceptional, because the Christmas decorations were still in the church. Christmas at Chenki brought to-

**PAOTSING MISSION HAS BEEN DESTROYED BY FIRE. HELP TO REBUILD IT**

gether the Christians from the "highways and byways." Many of them brought their pagan relatives with them, who were anxious to witness the services. The ceiling, walls, and sanctuary of the church were covered with streamers, lanterns, and ferns, and here and there huge vases, six feet high, filled with flowers,—every article without exception dextrously made from colored paper.

After Father Paul had been appointed pastor of Shenchowfu, and I was transferred to Chenki, he came to bid farewell to the people amongst whom he had so zealously labored and whose esteem and affection for him was remarkable. Before returning to Shenchowfu, we visited the different stations. Our first trip was to Kaotsun, thirty miles up the Mayang river. We were aware that our path lay through bandit strongholds, but protected by thirty soldiers we felt secure. In a little junk, covered with bamboo mats, we set forth on our journey. The soldiers occupied another junk. Because of heavy rains it was not easy for the boatmen to push upstream, nevertheless we averaged about ten miles a day.



REV. FR. BASIL IN A THOUGHTFUL MOMENT. "THE BEARDED BRIDE."—READ HIS STORY IN THIS ISSUE

The first evening, as it was becoming dusk, we were in "no man's land," about a mile either way from a village. At this place we were informed that the bandits were not far ahead, and after a hurried consultation, the soldiers decided to return to the village we had just passed. They were afraid of the bandits, who would take their guns if possible, so, to "save their face" and guns, they said it would not be prudent to encounter the bandits in the darkness. When we returned to the village, our junk was anchored far out from the river bank, while the soldiers remained near shore to be ready for an attack. Fortunately none was made.

At the town where we stopped the second night we found a company of soldiers. The officer came down to our boat to greet us and graciously assured us of protection. Bandits were in the neighborhood, but we should not fear as he had sentinels on the hills and along the river. With our own soldiers and those here, we promised ourselves a peaceful night. Except for the military quarters and a few small huts, there were no other signs of civilization. The silence, the vastness, the deep solitude of our surroundings were most impressive. It seemed but a few moments after we retired, though it was really one o'clock in the morning, when the sharp report of a rifle resounded through the hills, and abruptly awakening us brought visions of bandits. The two soldiers who slept on our boat as guards told us to keep quiet, and seizing their guns crawled to the end of the boat. The boatmen at the other end began shouting: "Don't shoot!" "Who are you?" came the stern demand. "This is a boat with two foreign gentlemen," the boatmen answered. "Bring the boat in or we will shoot," was the next order. We realized then we were in midstream.

The rope by which our boat had been tied had snapped, and so we drifted out into the current and had gone down stream about a quarter of a mile. One of the sentinels observing us moving stealthily along in the dark and without lights of any kind judged we were bandits. All on board were sound asleep, not excepting our guards, and when the sentinel's command to stop brought no response, he fired his gun.

When we were ready to start the next morning, the officer told us there were only eight men available. During the night fifty soldiers farther up the river had deserted and turned bandits. His soldiers with those we had were dispatched to surround them. When we arrived at Lanni, where we have a mission, he promised that twenty more soldiers would be waiting to join our guard. Consequently we started out for the Lanni mission, not without fear that our eight

THREE MISSIONARIES LOST ALMOST EVERYTHING AT PAOTSING. HELP THEM.



IN VACATION TIME ASK CHILDREN TO PRAY FOR THE CHINESE MISSIONS



Above:—"Some of God's little ones. Victor (with box) has since died. Blind Joe was recently picked up on the streets."—Fr. Theophane Maguire, C. P.

Below:—Convoy of ships. Banditry makes it necessary thus to seek mutual protection.

soldiers might meet the fifty rebels somewhere along the river. At noon, however, we captured Lanni. Fifty to sixty Christians were at the river bank to welcome us, and as we approached them all knelt down for our blessing. They were indeed a pitiful sight, emaciated, half clothed, and nearly all without shoes or sandals. The hardships they had endured from the famine were only too evident. We had intended to remain there for three or four days, but the soldiers with us and those awaiting us would not listen to any delay as the rebels were only a mile away in the hills. We expressed our deep regret in having to leave so soon and invited all the Christians to meet us in our Koatsun Mission, seven miles farther up the river. As we were leaving Lanni, one of the Christians came on the boat to accompany us to Koatsun. During the trip he related how his wife had died four days previously. The supply of rice was insufficient for the family and his wife became weak from lack of nourishment. When she had to be cared for by others, the Christians became alarmed and though without sufficient rice for themselves gladly made sacrifices to save the woman. But it was too late. She was then beyond assistance, and soon died a victim of starvation.

That night a large body of Christians greeted us at our Koatsun Mission. We remained a week there, baptizing twenty eight men and women. All were remarkably well prepared for the Sacraments by the Catechist. Father Paul invested all in the Scapular. In this place too the famine was causing intense suffering, and we helped as many as our means would allow. At this Mission we had the pleasure of hearing a good Chinese



PRIESTS AND SISTERS IN CHINA APPRECIATE YOUR SUPPORT. GIVE MORE OF IT



Above:—An "Up-to-date" Bridge near our Mission of Shenchowfu.

Below:—Natural Stone worshipped as a god.—The apparent eyes are the effects of careful camera work by Rev. Theophane Maguire, C. P.



orator. Each evening after night prayers, when the Christians got together in the guest room, an old Christian named Leo Teng would entertain them with a talk on Christian doctrine. He was a convert from Protestantism, and by study and reading had acquired a deep knowledge of the principles and doctrines of our Holy Faith. His well chosen examples to illustrate a truth, or elucidate a mystery, and particularly his facility in quoting Scripture, were amazing and made his discourse as interesting and pleasing to us as much as to the people.

Mr. Teng accompanied us part of the way on our return trip. Two strangers were also on the boat and inquired of him who we were and what we were doing in China. Their questions led to a lively discussion on religion. Let me rehearse the conversation.

The strangers said: "You would not prefer foreign goods to Chinese, why then choose a foreign religion?" "That all depends," said Mr. Teng, "Do the rich take pride in having foreign food at their sumptuous banquets? Why should we accept an inferior article simply because it is Chinese? If we are seeking the truth, should we become irrational and reject it because it has a foreign source?"

"It is false," said the strangers, "that priests do not marry." When asked for proof, they asserted they had seen the wives at our Shenchowfu mission. Mr. Teng was then eloquent and described how the Sisters devoted their lives to the service of God and religion.

"Why should we adore foreign Buddhas in preference to our own?" the strangers asked.

ALWAYS KEEP IN VIEW THE MORE EXCELLENT WAY OF CHARITY

## CHINESE CLIMATE IS NOW EXTREMELY WARM AND INCREASES THE NUMBER OF SICK

With remarkably strong reasoning and striking examples, he proved that there could be only one God, giving clearly and concisely the customary proofs and the natural conclusions from them.

The strangers continued: "Does not this foreign religion demand that we disrespect our parents?" He explained that the honor due to God could not be rendered to our parents, who were mere creatures, and he quoted the first and fourth commandments to show the proper respect one must give to God and to parents.

### Wintry Weather in China

SISTERS OF CHARITY

**M**ARCH 14th. We are now in our sixth month of really wintry weather. The rain is almost incessant, with hailstones frequently as large as peas. The famine is still progressing though, we are told, it has not reached its climax. The number of children in our orphanage is rapidly increasing. The very tiny ones we send out to be cared for in most cases by pagan women to whom we pay a certain amount. Within the last fortnight three little girls have been left with us, one about two years old.

School re-opened after the New Year holidays on March 8th. Father Paul came over for the event, a great event, indeed, in the minds of these poor Chinese people. In our own minds, the chief event of the season will be the departure of our Right Reverend Prefect Apostolic for America. He did not expect to leave until April 29th, but we heard today that he may go at any time now, since it will be necessary for him to steal down the river if he would escape the bandits now over-running the country. There is a nest of them about twenty miles from here.

March 26th. This morning the Monsignor left for the States. He came up to us in church to say goodbye. The convoy had very unexpectedly decided to start at 6.45 a.m. Thus things go in China.

Our new school term is promising. We opened

with forty-four pupils, seven boys and thirty seven girls, ranging in age from four to sixteen years. Since some have attended school for several years while others are spending their first weeks in the classroom, the problem of teaching all is unique. We derive consolation, however, from the hope that we may bring even one of these little pagans to God. Besides, they are extremely docile and appear to be very happy in school. Our bright sunny classroom is a hundred times more pleasant for the poor children than the houses in which they live. Sometimes parents drop in to "observe," sometimes to bring food to their children. In this respect, at least, the Chinese are abreast of "progress." Only recently we learned of a newspaper account of the "Parents Visit the Schools Movement" in New York City. Of course we are a little behind in equipment. The children's school books are covered with pages from magazines. And a page with a colored picture on it is a treasure, indeed! We hope our friends at home will place us on their mailing list.

Nor should we object to their gathering up all the old clothes, shoes, rubbers, stockings, sheets and blankets that they want to get rid of and sending them to us. It is not advisable for those in the States to make clothing for the Chinese, because they are averse to foreign styles. Our three latest little foundlings are named—Cecilia, Dolorosa, and Agnes.

*To be continued*

### Gemma's League

The following prayers and good works for the Passionist Missions in China were offered during the month of May.

#### Spiritual Treasury

Masses said	-8	Visits to Our Lady	51065
Masses heard	35350	Rosaries	30875
Holy Communion	23940	Beads of the Seven	
Visits to B. Sacrament	81186	Dolors	7325
Spiritual Communion	407771	Ejaculatory Prayers	7802980
Benediction Services	22254	Hours of Study, Reading	96390
Sacrifices, Sufferings	398730	Hours of Labor	104165
Stations of the Cross	13871	Acts of Kindness,	
Visits to the Crucifix	85273	Charity	117655
Beads of the Five Wounds	7086	Acts of Zeal	134560
Offerings of the		Prayers, Devotions	717225
Precious Blood	258788	Various Works	491570

### "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.)

**K**INDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers.

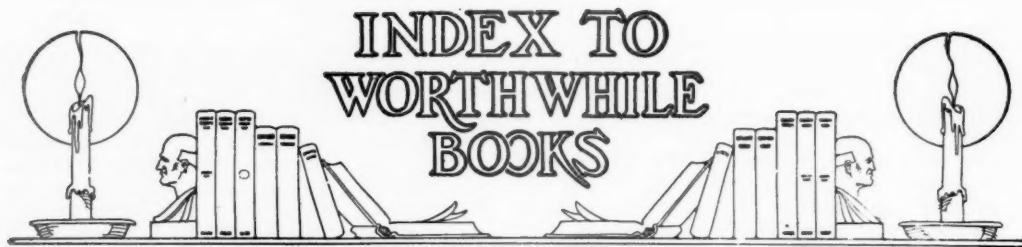
JOHN MALONE  
MARGARET MAY O'NEIL  
MARY WHITE  
MRS. CATHERINE HANLEY  
MRS. JOHN O'BRIEN  
MR. JOHN O'BRIEN  
MARGARET O'BRIEN

MICHAEL O'BRIEN  
MRS. MARY MARTIN  
MRS. CATHERINE DOYLE  
ANNIE STEPHENS  
JAMES W. DUVEY  
RUSSELL I. QUINN  
BERNARD McCABE  
ELLA O'DEA  
ELSIE SKINNER  
ADELINE BECK  
ANDREW J. WHITE  
MRS. JOHN KINGSTON  
MR. GARSON  
CATHERINE M. REARDON  
MRS. MARGARET NELSON

E. F. BRYNE  
KATHERINE McDONNELL  
JAMES McGARRY  
MRS. ANNIE L. FURNEST  
MISS NELLIE FURNEST  
MR. & MRS. N. J. CLEARY  
JOHN A. CLEARY  
JAMES CANNON  
JAMES W. SULLIVAN  
J. LEROY CULLEN  
GERTRUDE HERNBERG  
AUSTEN ARTHUR  
CHARLES HERBERG  
THOMAS J. MURRAY  
EDWARD J. CANNON  
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**M**AY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.



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**BOOKLETS.** Benziger Brothers have sent us several paper-bound booklets, which deserve notice. "A Short Life of Pius X," by F. A. Forbes, (35 cents) is a very interesting account of the saintly pontiff who did so much toward restoring all things in Christ. It is practically the same book which appeared some time ago in cloth.—Series IV of "Thy Kingdom Come Series," by J. E. Moffatt, S. J., (30 cents), like its predecessors, is a collection of pleasant and profitable thoughts on our spiritual duties.—"The Little Flower and the Blessed Sacrament," by J. Husslein, S. J., (50 cents), contains many devout reflections which are intended to nourish devotion to Jesus in the Blessed Eucharist. Quotations from the Little Flower abound, together with pertinent comments by the reverend author.

**THE SACRAMENTARY.** Vol II Parts III and IV. By Ildephonsus Shuster. Translated by Author Levelis-Marke from the Italian. Pages 428. Price, \$4.25. Benziger Brothers. New York.

The first volume of "The Sacramentary" contained an erudite discourse on the ordinary of the Mass, together with a commentary on individual Masses from Advent to Septuagesima. Volume II considers the Masses from Septuagesima to Ember Saturday in Whitsun Week. The mode of treatment resolves itself into a succinct history of the Station, followed by an illuminating and stimulating commentary on the parts of the Mass proper to the day. Priests desiring a truly comprehensive knowledge of the missal will be able to obtain it from this source.

Few works can equal this one as a help to a devout celebration of Mass.

**A LINK BETWEEN FLEMISH MYSTICS AND ENGLISH MARTYRS,** by C. S. Durrant. Pages 426. Price, \$5.25. Benziger Brothers. New York.

Beginning with the Father of Low-Country mystics, John Ruysbroeck, this bulky volume recounts the lives of numerous men of God from the fourteenth century to the nineteenth. Girard Groote, Thomas a Kempis, the Monks of Windesheim, and the Canonesses of Diepenveen, are a few of those comparatively obscure souls who are brought to the attention of the faithful by the pen of Durrant. English monks and nuns, despoiled of their property, took refuge in Flemish cloisters and there imbibed the spirit of the native mystics. English persecution drove across the channel also numerous young people desiring to live solely a hidden life in God. Some of these afterward underwent martyrdom. Hence the link. For the sake of a better understanding of the characters of those times, and for relief from the danger of monotony engendered by such lengthy accounts of sanctity attained by similar means, a sketch of the history of the time is here and there inserted. Specialists in the knowledge of mysticism will undoubtedly be pleased with the author's demonstration of the link binding Flemish Mystics to English Martyrs. Christians who are striving to advance along the Seraphic Highway will profit by breathing an atmosphere so redolent with the perfume of sanctity.

**DE CENSURIS LATAE SENTENTIAE,** by A. D. Cipollini. 261 pages. Marietti. Roma.

The popularity of Sebastiani's Summarium continues to grow. It is presented in two sizes—major and minor. The minor edition has already reached a sale of 23,000 copies, and now the octava edition of 7,000 is ready for distribution. This is a real vest-pocket book, being almost the same size as Arregui's. It is not quite the equal of the Spanish Jesuit's publication, especially in regard to typographical clarity. Its matter is worth while however, and in this respect is as valuable as other Summaria. But why such a manual should be sent out into the world with a cream-colored covering is by no means self-evident.

This treatise endeavors to explain the censures embraced in the Codex. Apart from what it contains in common with similar manuals, it has several arresting interpretations. But when commenting on canon 2319 No. 1 the author makes no mention of his opinion relative to the discussion weighing the probability of the necessity of a double ceremony for contracting the censure. Did our professor overlook the applications of canons 2209, 2231, and 2350 when stating "ideo non comprehenduntur qui moraliter tantum, v. gr., mandato, consilio, favore, etc., ad abortum concurrunt, nam isti non sunt stricte procurantes, sed potius mandantes, consulentes, etc., procurari."



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U. S. Government Bonds . . .	\$342,215.94
State, County and City Bonds . .	296,257.30
Railroad Bonds and other	
Stocks and Bonds . . . . .	1,253,915.88
First Mortgages on Real Estate . .	2,112,307.85
Loans and Notes Purchased . . .	1,218,418.33
Cash on Hand and in Banks . . .	187,137.73
Accrued Interest Receivable . . .	27,579.52
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures .	83,001.00
	<b>\$5,520,833.55</b>

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Capital . . . . .	\$300,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits . .	209,481.73
Unearned Discount . . . . .	6,432.70
Reserved for Interest, Taxes, Etc. .	37,490.35
Bills Payable . . . . .	150,000.00
Deposits . . . . .	4,817,437.77
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# Yungsui and Shenchowfu

## *Two Letters from Passionist Missionaries in China*

Father ANTHONY MALONEY writes from Yungsui:—

The sights here in Yungsui (Father Theophane's mission) are heart-rending. On every side are misery and starvation. All day long famine victims have been asking for aid, but *nearly all* had to be turned away as Father Theophane had *no money*. Mothers and their babes showing unmistakable signs of starvation; little children, mere bags of bones, pleading for something to eat. The sight is enough to melt a heart of stone. How Father Theophane is able to witness such misery for such a long time strikes me as marvellous. His charity is wonderful. I can easily imagine his feelings when he has to turn so many away empty.

Yesterday and today I have seen human beings reduced to such a pitiable state as I hardly believed possible. One woman and three small children were eating out of a bowl of what seemed to me to be muddy water. They didn't eat it. They wolfed it down. Others were eating anything that offered a possibility of nourishment. When all the rice is given out, God alone knows what will become of these poor people.

Along the road from Wangtsun to Paotsing I saw a number of people who showed evidence of starvation, but nothing like what is to be seen here in Yungsui. All the misery of the surrounding country converges here. I trust that I have given some idea of the wretchedness here, but I am sure that I have fallen far short of the actuality. One has to be on the spot to appreciate it. All we can do is to pray our Lord will take pity on these poor sufferers.

Father CUTHBERT O'GARA writes from Shenchowfu:

Famine conditions in many places are terribly severe. We are literally besieged from morning till night by the stricken who are either begging for themselves or beseeching us to take in their children. Up to date we have given \$9000.00 in gold to the Missionaries for famine relief. I have read many times the appeals in *THE SIGN* and when I gave of our depleted funds I felt that you would come to our rescue. Even though I had the ability to do so I would refrain from relating the incidents of two evenings ago when I visited the Temple of Hell but a stone's throw from my window. The thought of the huddled beggars, the starved children, the famished mothers cuts the heart; if pictured in detail it would not be believed.

READERS OF THESE LETTERS, WHETHER YOU BE JEWS OR GENTILES, PROTESTANTS OR CATHOLICS, I ASK YOU TO SEND ME SOMETHING FOR FATHER CUTHBERT AND FATHER THEOPHANE. WHATEVER YOU SEND WILL GET TO CHINA QUICKLY. Address:

{ FATHER HAROLD PURCELL, C. P.  
THE SIGN  
UNION CITY NEW JERSEY }



